

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

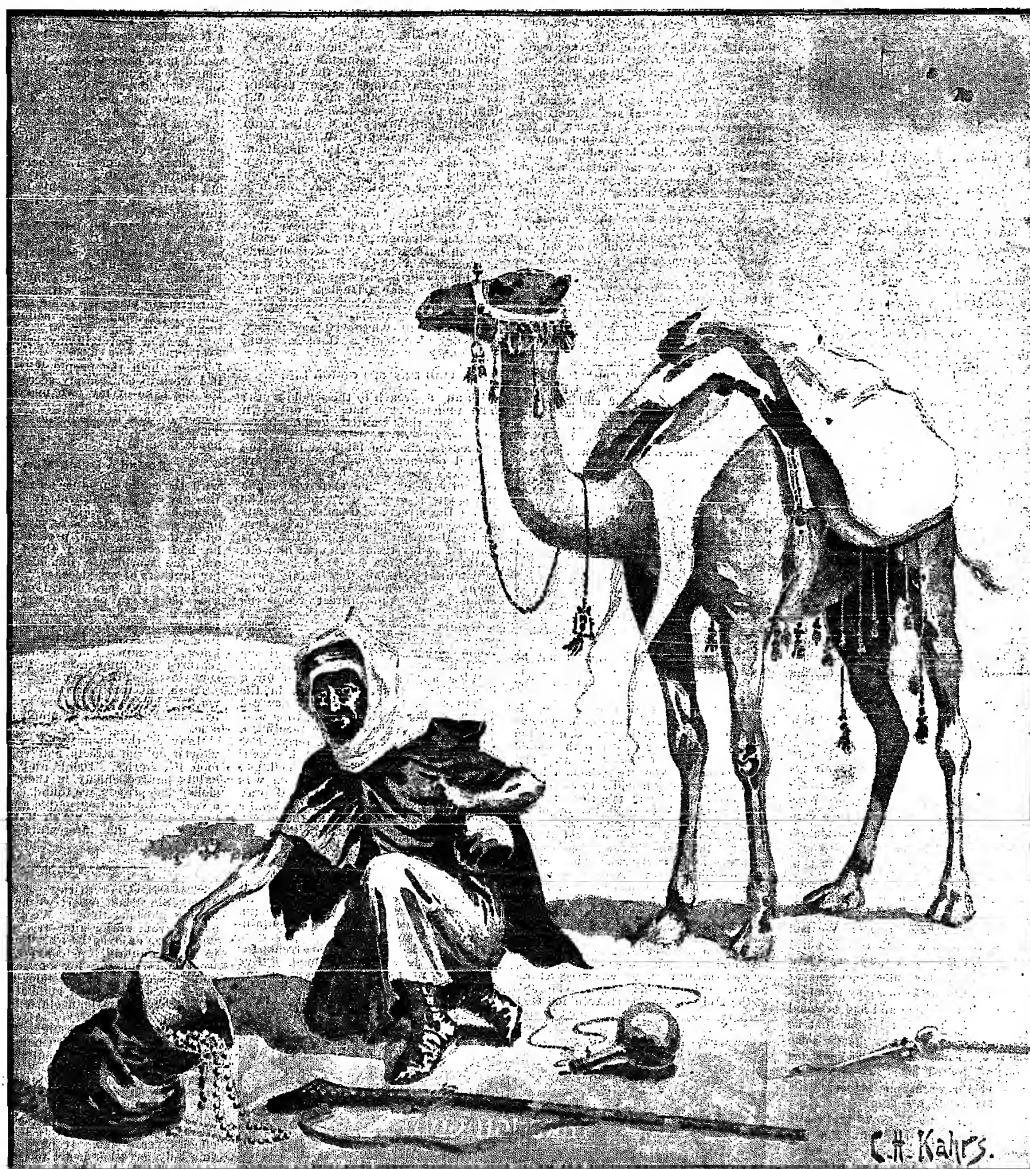
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WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

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Comptroller.

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"ONLY PEARLS."

(See article on page 11)

## MY VIEW ABOUT GIVING.

An Interview with "Salvation Smith."

(Readers of the reports of the Field Commissioner's trip to England and her meetings there will remember the mention of "Salvation Smith," who is a member of the London Stock Exchange, and a Salvationist withal.—Ed.)



F. C. Smith, Esq., of the London Stock Exchange.

"On what principles do you regulate your giving, Mr. Smith?" we queried. He had only five minutes to spare, so directness on both sides was indispensable. We might not catch him again!

"Three. I consider it—

1. My duty to give;
2. To give all I can;
3. Give as God directs."

is the comprehensive reply.

"I see. But how does this work out? Does it not impoverish you? The claims must be so much more than your resources?"

"No. It is just like this: I give when and what God instructs. He is therefore responsible for the day's deficit; not to see that it is not overdrawn. As a matter of fact, however, the recapitulations are regular and reliable."

"In what direction?"

"This way. When I first started, I surrendered ten per cent.—the old Jewish title—and kept a debit and credit. Later, however, I joined the Lord's Corner, and found that the more I gave the more I received. This happened so invariably as to make it almost a science. So I abolished the percentage and regulated my donation according to the Spirit's leading according to each specific occasion."

"The recapitulations, Mr. Smith: how did they travel?"

"I found that when I visited a corps and disbursed my ex's, which I always paid myself, plus collections, etc., business usually followed, directly or indirectly which amply recompensed me with a varying but considerable margin on the right side. The other day, to give you a case in point, I was billed to special. A general in Her Majesty's army sent me an invitation to the barracks to dine with him. I went. He was a perfect stranger to me. We had a conversation on Salvation lines, but I could not get him to accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour. He called upon me at my office, saying he knew many members of the Stock Exchange and had personal dealings with them, but he felt that he would rather place in my hands some business friends of his, who knew me by repute, desired done for her. This is how God rewards me for any little service I may do for Him."

"Very remarkable! Now the really crucial questions must be put. You will excuse them if they appear somewhat personal, and maybe ignorantly framed. May I ask if your personal expenditures are extravagant, or substantially in-

creased? You see, Mr. Smith, some folks who live well and comfortably at the start, expand as they increase in wealth. One servant becomes two, then three, and so on. The town house is exchanged for a country villa, then a residence, and finally an estate. The walk is given up, then comes the gig, then the carriage, coach-house, coachman and the rest. And if you ask him to give you his percentage of philanthropy, what might have been perhaps ten per cent. of say £200 a year, or £20, disappears. He finds £20 is still all he cares to give, when his income may have increased £2,000. That is to say, the figure is not now

£20 to £200,

but

£20 to £2,000,

a drop from ten to one per cent. Such a figure—i.e. one per cent.—appears to me to be abominable. It is a libel on love to call it philanthropy."

"Quite so! I heartily concur. I will answer your personal questions readily and frankly. My rent is not more now than when I could afford to give only ten per cent. of my income. And my domestic expenses—except the necessary educational and other requirements of my family—are practically no more than they were."

"Of course, you have not refrained from making the usual and suitable provision for your family? I mean, in the event of your death, and other unforeseen but inevitable happenings?"

"No! I have done my duty in that respect, although even there I have not allowed my trust in God to be shaken, or my systematic faith in His providence to be excluded from these arrangements."

"Speaking roughly could you tell me what proportion your giving bears to your income?"

"It is quite impossible to say, because both are constantly increasing. You may say, however, that the percentage is considerably more than ten per cent." "Thank you, that will be precise enough. Then the position is this: Your income is divided into three parts. Initially stand your (a) expenses for living, which includes home, food, traveling, raiment, school for your children, and all the necessary expenses of body and mind. At the other end of the line are your (b) items for death expenditure, provision for wife and family, and careful arrangements for all the unexpected contingencies of the future of yourself and yours. All the media you consider God's capital?"

"That is just it! When I first became a Salvationist, I was rather exercised as to entering the work; but, finally, God revealed to me that He could use me through my business, so I forthwith consecrated myself to IT for the war and IT to God for His use entirely. I have been in business for Him ever since, with the result at hand."

A hand-slake, and the Salvation Smith was gone.

Is he wrong? No! Will it not be conceded that his method of giving is in the highest degree a religion? We think so.

What is the logic of it all? Well, if you can't put yourself out to the supreme usury of living for the salvation of the worst and the redemption of the untold millions of the despairing of this and other lands; if you are a human being with any sort of sensibility to the claims of other's wants and miseries—it is as much your duty to serve as any other. If personal service, through family possibilities lack of the mental ability, or any other impediments, then service by proxy is an irrevocable obligation.

If wealth is yours, or only a competence, this purchase of substitutionary representation in the battlefields of the world is possible, and cannot be shipped without irreparable loss, for money means what? Shelter provided, bridges of hope to the homeless, food for starving children, an open door of escape, mercy and salvation to all who need it; for purity, for holy living, for the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, for Heaven and God.

## LONDON STREETS.

Their Secret Sorrows.

London has gained for itself a notorious character for human tragedy and mystery. No other city in the world contains so much wealth and poverty, tragedy and romance. Its population of six millions, continually loading up against one another in the struggle for existence, create a never-ending panorama of elements and circumstances, containing lessons and sermons more profound than any delivered from platform or pulpit. The Bible is written over and over again in London every day, for the two great and only laws of good and evil are perhaps more plainly seen now than they ever were before.

Human associations are, after all, the

### Most Fascinating

and interesting features of a great city. It is the crowd that makes the philanthropist. Circumstances far beyond the imagination of the most fertile brain may happen at any moment in the crowd. Trifles may work out into the most unlooked-for results, and domestic enterprises may spring from the meanest incidents. In this respect London lives on no false reputation. Thus, the writer of fiction can safely lay any astounding plot in London without fear of ridicule, for London is so vast, so beautiful, so ugly, so wonderful, that the majority of people could readily believe that anything strange and thrilling could happen here, where tens of thousands of people don't know their next door neighbor, and where thousands are as much alone, as friendless and unknown, as if they were living in the heart of an equatorial forest.

But after all, what writer of fiction, or what imaginative thinker, could write only

### One Day of London Life

with any approach to the whole truth? The unobserved crime, the unknown murderer, the "wanted" law-breakers, the intrigues of wealthy schemers, the broken hearts, the blighted lives, the ruined characters and lost souls are facts too great for a human mind to correctly index. The man who reads newspapers every day and knocks about the streets of London from one year to another cannot fail to observe and realize that in all London there is nothing so mysterious as man himself.

Our Social Work may be taken as a substantial corroboration of this statement. The majority of the men who come to us come direct from the streets. Their experience shows what a training-ground for good or evil the streets may be. An outcast may become either a desperate, hardened criminal, or a broken-hearted penitent.

What an interesting skeleton for a story the novelist could find in the following experience, which occurred in one of our Shelters some time ago. During the progress of the meeting a man was noticed crying bitterly. For an hour or more he sat in his seat, giving vent to his pent-up feelings; and, at last, when the invitation was given to come to the front and pray for God's mercy and forgiveness, he rose and took advantage of the opportunity. As the officer knelt by his side, the sobbing man knelt a loaded

### Six-Chambered Revolver

from his breast-pocket and handed it to the Captain, warning him of its dangerous character. Sure enough, every chamber of the weapon contained a cartridge.

"I've carried it about the streets for months," the man explained. "I've been a law-breaker for years, earning nothing for God, man, or devil, and I was decided on blowing my brains

out rather than be taken again and sent back to penal servitude."

That man had walked about the streets for a long period, rubbing shoulders with the best and the worst, with the means of instant death at his finger ends. We are happy to say he never asked for his revolver back, but, after deciding to live a changed life, he was helped by our Social Work into a happy and useful future. The incidents, the circumstances, the temptations yielded to, and the whole network of events that lead up to such a dramatic ending of a career of crime cannot be gone into here, interesting though they are.

On the streets of London to-day are hundreds of men with startling life histories. Such an one was pointed out to the writer by a policeman last week.

"See that man standing in the gutter selling newspapers?" he asked. "It's a marvel he's there at all! I'm a native of the same provincial town, and I know the poor, blind beggar well. He was

### Blamed for Murder

a few years ago, and only half-a-dozen more words of evidence against him would have hanged him. He was discharged—a ruined man, and to try and bury himself out of sight of his old connections, he came to London to try to rise again; but the only reference he has would, if he were foolish enough to give it, open out a long sickening story of drink, wickedness and charge of murder. There he is, a standing tragedy. I'm sorry for him, but I can't prove either his innocence or guilt. He is lost to this world through a doubt."

We spoke to the poor fellow and bought a paper. He looked just like any other newspaper seller; but there he was, innocent or guilty—a poor, blighted, ruined, social exile.

In these street-talks with men of the unfortunate class, we came across another interesting fellow selling wax-lights in the busy Strand.

"I have a secret in my breast," he said, "that could shock a whole town. I could thrill the people with horror if I were to confess my secret. But, for the sake of my two married brothers, who are Christian men, the secret of my life will die with me. They believe I'm dead. In a work-house hospital I

### Found a Dying Man

with the same surname as mine. He was one of the great army of unknown nobodies, so I tucked my Christian name, age and address of my brothers on to the dying man, pretending that he had communicated them to me, and the workhouse officials notified my brothers of my decease. Whether they came to my funeral or not, or sent money to pay the expenses, I know not. I left next day, and I've felt dead in character ever since. God forgive me! My brothers wouldn't know me now. I'm so changed in features and appearance. I'm a lost soul—lost, lost for ever!"

There was infinite pathos in his last words. The thoughtless rushes caused by ignorant of sin's triumph at their side.

Many of the men whom we interviewed on the streets had very common life-stories. Drink and careless habits figured chiefly in their confessions. The streets, we found, contained a vast amount of interesting and warning biographies, and we shall endeavor to return to this interesting episode in another issue.—Social Gazette.

SIMCOE.—Glad to say we are still alive. Since last report we have been having glorious times. We have had a visit from Major and Mrs. Simcoe, which was enjoyed by all. Four sons in the Fountain. A convert only a week old had the joy of helping to point his father, a backslider of years standing, to Jesus. It got hot for the backsliders. One man started for his home in the country. After going some distance was brought back by the Spirit of God, and rushed right in from outdoors to the altar, and glad to get there. Two more backsliders came. Hallelujah! We ended Sunday dancing happy. Monday night's banquet a good success. 14 souls have been saved this last two weeks, some who ought to have been officers years ago. It pays to obey. One lady gave her heart to God when sick in bed. Watch us, for there is more to follow.—N. E. Green, Capt. for M. E. Green, Ensign.

## "Only Pearl"

(To our frontispiece.)

By BRIGADIER FRIE

Our conception of wealth is very incorrect, as a differs with the individual. It is considered fabulously rich. He thinks himself a pauper, rich as. The millionaire who over the world to consult famous doctors with regard disease that racks his body considers the healthy, but former a richer man, and his robust appetite that a finer flavor and relish to table than the finest delic have cost small fortunes possess for the owner of it. Then the real value of the by which we judge worth upon the opportunity to c same to meet our needs; which would rightly be c under certain conditions valueless under others.

An Arab who had joined that was travelling a part desert known to the rest parted from the rest a disastrous sand storm. He sought to find his way and had travelled without food; even the water so carefully given out. There was he seen from the fierce and reason struggled when the fainting man far from him, lying on a leather bag, such as is porting dates and other the desert. The Arab ut to greater speed and gery of joy, which sound on account of his tongue, which allowed his lation. Like a flash he his hand and grabbed eager hands the bag was with hopeless despair he pearls and small ex the treasures which re of thousands of dollars.

Had the Arab been his hand would have en not only food for the but also to being him of a unison and serv other so-called comfort but in the desert—st—the pearls had no v poor a man after he had been before. The procure him a drop in were only pearls to E ever since I first re my boyhood, its lesse me. For years at a gotten it, until some which contained the instantly a voice whispher, "Only pearl."

When the fascinat vellous finds of the ated the Klondike for thousands upon th to that Arctic re which has now gone immense rush, of men who were inad and the transporta altogether inadequate demands for food while the country pr no food of the veg little in the mind stray game. Hea privation were hour They were Swede and they had invest inges to the purcha and provisions. Th in their search and yielded them over \$ of the first "wreathl Plans were unde south, since provi out. Then the el took sick. The nursed him, but he died, to split o tentation given him. The surviving sleigh with the l what few provisio started on his jo towards Skagway, by day and passed one or pectors. He





## "Only Pearls!"

(To our frontispiece.)

By BIGHADIER FRIEDMICH.

Our conception of wealth and poverty is very incorrect, and it differs with the individual. The miser is considered fabulously rich, while he thinks himself a pauper, and rightly so. The millionaire who travels all over the world to consult the most famous doctors with regard to the disease that racks his body with pain, considers the healthy, hard-working farmer a richer man, and envies him his robust appetite that adds a far finer flavor and relish to his frugal table than the finest delicacies that have cost small fortunes to procure, possess for the owner of millions.

Then the real value of the possession by which we judge wealth depends upon the opportunity to exchange the same to meet our needs; hence that which would rightly be called riches under certain conditions would be valueless under others.

An Arab who had joined an emigrant that was travelling a part of the great desert unknown to him, had been separated from the rest in one of the disastrous sand storms. In the endeavour to find his companions he lost his way and had travelled two days without food; even the scanty supply of water so carefully preserved had given out. There was no shelter to be seen from the fierce rays of the sun, and reason struggled with madness, when the fainting man discovered not far from him, lying on the hot sand, a leather bag, such as is used in transporting dates and other fruit across the desert. The Arab urged his camel to greater speed and gave vent to a cry of joy, which sounded like half a sob and half a shout. He had found a solace in the account of his dry swollen tongue, which already hunched articulation. Like a flash he alighted from his beast and grabbed the bag. With eager hands the bag was opened, when with hopeless despair he gasped, "Only pearls!" and sunk exhausted beside the treasures which represented tens of thousands of dollars.

Had the Arab been near a village, his find would have enabled him to buy not only food for the rest of his life, but also to bring him into possession of a mansion and servants, and many other so-called comforts of this life; but in the desert—starving and alone—the pearls had no value, he was as poor a man after he found them as he had been before. The jewels could not procure him a drop of water. They were only pearls!

I ever since I first read this story in my boyhood, its lesson has clung to me. For years at a time I had forgotten it, until something transpired which contained the same lesson, and instantly some voice within me would whisper, "Only pearls!"

When the fascinating reports of marvellous finds of the yellow metal created the Klondike fever, a stampede of thousands upon thousands rushing to that Arctic region commenced, which has now gone into history. The immense rush, of course, included men who were insufficiently equipped, and the transportation facilities were altogether inadequate to supply the demands for food of the multitude, while the country practically produced no food of the vegetable kind and little in the animal line, except some stray game. Heart-rending tales of privation were heard of every day.

They were Sweden by nationality, and they had invested their little savings in the purchase of man's outfit and provisions. They were fortunate in their search and found a cabin that yielded them over \$70,000 as the result of the first "wash-up."

Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom" was the south, since provision had almost given out. Then the elder of the brothers took sick. The other one tenderly nursed him, but inside of two weeks he died, in spite of all the loving attention given him.

The surviving brother packed his sleigh with the precious gold dust and what few provisions he had left, and started on his journey over the road towards Skagway. He travelled hard by day and by night, and passed one or two other prospectors. He offered half his

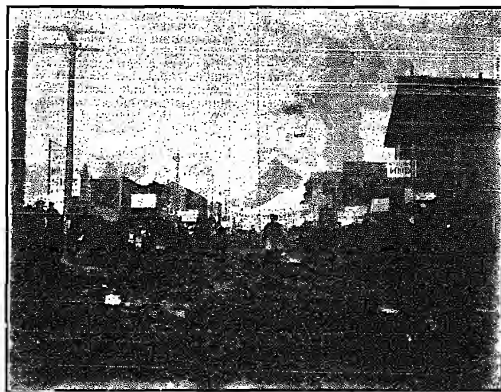
wealth for some bacon and beans, but provisions being nearly exhausted with those he met, he was compelled to pass on.

Some weeks later a party of gold-seekers found the frozen corpse of the Swede lying beside the bags containing \$70,000 worth of gold dust, but not a morsel of food could be found with him. "Only pearls!" was the first thought that rushed to my mind.

He was a smart young man. His very appearance at once betrayed his good breeding. He was an exceptionally clever musician; but he had left his native land in disgrace, and his musical talents had led him rather downward instead of lifting him nearer to the source of all music—heaven.

To cut a long story short, he got saved, became a soldier and a power for God in that corps. The officer who saw at once the opportunity of turning all his abilities into the channels of usefulness for God, urged him to become an officer. He was a clever musician, as mentioned before, he could talk well, he lived a sober and creditable life in the store, where a position had been found him after his conversion, and on the whole, there was an inclination on his part to throw his life in with the Salvation Army.

Unfortunately, he hesitated, and the devil utilizing his indecision, brought across his path a young woman, well respected in that town, but not converted. She laughed him to scorn when he told her of his intention to apply for officership and told him she would wait to see nothing more of him if he even continued to be a Salvationist.



Main Street, Dawson City.

Taken Good Friday, 1891.

All the buildings in this picture were destroyed in the disastrous fire of April 20th, 1890.

For some time he followed his better convictions and had already determined to obey the call of God at all cost, but as he held back from paying the full price, he weakened in his resolution. After some months he finally decided to remain a soldier only, and the young woman of his choice consented to marry him, without becoming a Salvationist herself.

They were quietly married; he continued to attend meetings, but soon slackened even in that, and the first chance he had, at a time when there was a little hardship to face in the corps, he withdrew altogether from the S. A.

A year after that they brought him home on a shunter. An explosion, while blasting rocks to build a railway, had been timed wrongly, and went off before he had gained a safe distance. A heavy piece of rock had broken his backbone. He couldn't live another hour. His last words into his wife's ear, in broken accents, were to the effect that he now saw the great mistake of his life, and advised her to get saved.

"Only pearls!" I thought when the story was told me. Yes, he had the bread of life within his reach once, and the opportunity of dealing it out to other starving souls—but he had separated himself, lost his way in the desert, and found that the domestic happiness he had dreamed of was but a glittering trinket that had no power of sustenance in it for his immortal

soul. He died the natural death of spiritual starvation.

Yet we must not forget that pearls have their value. If we possess them let us use them to purchase with them such needs of ourselves and others as their value will procure.

Talents, whether they be muscle, or knowledge, or memory, or business ability, or personal influence, accomplishments, riches, etc., are all pearls that may be used for the lasting benefit of others in feeding their souls, but these things in themselves cannot feed an immortal spirit. Offer them only to a starving soul, and you would mock him like the pearls mocked the starving Arab.

Then you will be starving yourself. If you retain those talents and personal acquisitions of yours for and to yourself, just as the miser, who would not part with his money to buy bread, starved, because he could not nourish the body with metal, he it ever so precious.

Metals, like gold, silver, etc., are termed in a chemical sense, elements, because they cannot be separated into other chemical bodies; they are primary substances with other elements that form all other bodies of a complicated nature. Now, the human body cannot live if its food would be composed of elementary bodies; the food for man must have first been composed by a lower form of life, that is, it must have been the direct product of vegetation, or of vegetation again assimilated into the flesh of animals. Just so our talents and accomplishments are but elements that cannot

glad to think, as he expresses it, "that he helped to send that business to the devil."



BROTHER STEWART.

Having experienced quite a bit of actual service in the front, we asked him what are the serious reflections of a soldier as he stands face to face with death?

"Not worth reckoning upon," was the unhesitating reply. "He hasn't time to think while shot and shell rattle round him. On a battlefield men get callous even of a comrade's dying groan. 'Poor Jim,' I've heard men say, as one has fallen beside them, 'he's turned his toes up,' and they go on loading and firing as before. It isn't heartlessness, it's lack of time."

Stewart fought as a cavalry soldier of the Blues until the end of the war, when, having served his time, and eight days before it ended having received his first wound, he said farewell to military life and entered upon a God-forging and more or less careless career.

It was not until nearly thirty years later that Wilson Stewart enlisted—in another regiment. He was a backslider of close on twenty years' standing when he met the Salvation Army, had lived, with the exception of a few months, when he "kept straight," a roving, reckless life, and it was a broken-down, prematurely-aged man who wandered into the barracks one day. He thus describes his unheroic attitude when first faced by the formidable Hal-lelujah group:

"There's an old story," says Stewart, "of a Colonel commanding a certain regiment who was more discreet than daring. His men had got into close quarters with the foe, much to the former's disadvantage. The Colonel summoned his forces and thus addressed them, 'It's getting rather uncomfortable here, and if we lose much more heavily it won't be safe. If half our men go, mind you have my orders to take to your heels, and as I'm a little lame I'll go now.' I cannot say," Stewart goes on after the laugh produced by his story has subsided, "that I was much braver than the old Colonel when first under the Army's fire I felt like nothing else than running. I never shrink from a bayonet or a cannon, but to come to close quarters with these decided denouncers of all sin and profaneurs of its deliverance, I didn't care to. I should have quarrelled with the man who called me a coward, but all the same I had plenty of the Irishman's caution!"

But the Army has caught many an unlikely an escaping fish, and Wilson Stewart was no exception. Under the thorough dealing of Adjt. Aikenhead, then stationed at Rapid City, this well-known despairing sinner of the Western plains sought and found a compelling salvation. It took a few days before he felt the reality of the blessing given, for when a man has made such clean sweep of idols as Stewart made of his tobacco and pipe, he cannot but be conscious of the roasting-up sensation. Nearly ten years have set their seal to the substantial worth of the deed then done.

Nature is but a man for an effort. Whose cause is God. —Covper.

Oh, trifle not with life; 'tis but an hour, Redeem its every moment, day by day. Press forward to the fruit; Live for the future life; watch and pray.

Remember, child of time, Thou art immortal; fling not heaven away. —H. Bonar.

## Stewart's Salvation.

"My mother's name was Jane, and she feared the Lord," said Brother Stewart slowly and thoughtfully. "How much I owe to her influence, prayers and encouragement, eternally only will reveal. My first impulses towards salvation date back to her godly life and training."

The elder Stewart was of a different temperament to his wife, and too closely contrabanded in the disposition of his son for the two ever to get on well together. Their fiery tempers were like match and tinder, and before the young or had reached the age of manhood, the frequent outbursts had made him resolve to put the width of the border lines between them. At nineteen Wilson Stewart ran away to the United States to fight the Confederates in the struggles against slavery.

Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom" was the book of the hour, the contentment was ringing with the sentiments which it voiced, and its civilization, with the exception of the Southern States, was pledged to stamp out slavery. Out of a life which had, up to that time, at best been a reckless, roving existence, Stewart is

# LIVING SHADOWS.

## A Novel Meeting, and How It Is Done.

Under the above title I have conducted, during the recent weeks, with the aid of a number of Headquarters officers, a novel demonstration, which has been successful in every place where we produced it. Having received requests from different officers to give information as to the details of the meeting, I have thought it to be serving their interest best by publishing the manner of proceedings in the War Cry.

The advantage of "Living Shadows" is, that it can be arranged with little expense. The first requisite is a large white sheet, similar to the kind used for magic lantern services. This sheet should be put up at least ten feet from the back of the platform, or a greater distance where that is possible, and it should be high enough from the floor to allow those sitting farthest from the platform to see the lowest part of the sheet; this is important. Where the platform itself is too low, it should be raised to the height of at least three feet from the floor of the barracks, and extend across the full width of the sheet. Where the hall is wide some additional drapery should be put up at each side of the sheet, so that the audience cannot see beyond the sheet. An ordinary bedsheet on each side will generally answer the purpose.

Secondly, you want a box, say fifteen inches square, or as near to that measure as possible; it is not at all necessary to be exactly that measurement. This box should have a sliding front, a hole in the centre of the top about two inches in diameter, and a few small holes in the back near the bottom, where they will leak the least light. Into this box you set a low coal oil lamp—one with a Rochester round burner is to be preferred—the flame should be exactly under the hole in the top. When using this lantern box, place it about three feet above the lowest part of the sheet (behind the sheet, not in front, as in case of a magic lantern) and as far from the sheet as you can. Remember the box must not be placed higher than mentioned if you want to get good results. The sliding front, of course, conceals the light until the signal is given, when it is raised quickly, and remains there until each scene is over, when it is quickly dropped. Signals for raising and dropping the sliding door of the box should be given by a table bell which the speaker has on his little table.

The persons who represent the characters of the scene must always keep as close to the sheet as possible, and should never be more than a foot from its surface. Also be careful that the light thrown from the lantern box upon the sheet is square and does not go beyond the sheet on either side or the top. This can easily be avoided by making the slide narrower if necessary and not drawing it out to the full extent. A little previous practice will suggest the best arrangements.

The idea of the meeting is, that the audience sees only the sheet and the shadows thrown upon it by the things and persons standing and moving close behind it, the light giving a sharp and clearly defined shadow. If the directions given are followed, if the objects which throw the shadows are kept too far from the sheet the shadow will be enlarged and become less distinct.

In one scene we speak of "a gentleman lighting a cigar"; this should not be a real cigar, of course, but a piece of paper rolled up to have the shape of a cigar will do. Remember that in all scenes it is only desirable that the shadow should resemble certain things which in reality may be quite inexpensive. For instance, in Scene III, of the 1st set, the safe which is blown out can be made of cardboard, etc.

It is impossible to give the detailed text for all the different scenes, the speaker should supply such by carefully following the scenes on the sheet. Ring the bell for the light to be shown, and again ring the bell for shutting off the scene.

### I.—How Criminals are Made and Un-made.

#### Scene I.—The Boy Thief.

A gentleman comes up lighting a cigar; while doing so, a little boy creeps up from behind and steals the gentleman's pocket-handkerchief.

#### Scene II.—Burglar.

The same boy, ten years later. Enters an office, drills a safe, inserts a fuse and blows out the door. Takes bags of money and leaves.

#### Scene III.—Highway Robber.

Later still. The boy has become more desperate. Meets gentleman at night and asks time of him. Gentleman looks at watch, which the other snatches from him. A third accomplice comes and holds revolver to his head while both are robbing the victim.

#### Scene IV.—The Arrest.



The criminal is at last stopped by the arm of the civil law. A policeman meets him on the street, and after passing him once, turns back and engages him in conversation. Being convinced that he has spotted his man, he arrests him. The criminal resists, but after a violent struggle is finally overpowered and hand-cuffed.

#### Scene V.—Behind the Bars.



While in prison he finds time for reflection. His past life with its evil record stares him in the face. A member of the League of Mercy visits him and gives him a War Cry, also talks to him about his soul and God's mercy. She kneels in prayer with him before she leaves the prison.

#### Scene VI.—Discharged.

The time of discharge has arrived. The friendly guard shakes hands with him and gives him some good advice. His heart is heavy; not knowing where to go, he stands considering whether it is worth while to start a new life, as he had resolved in prison, or not. At that moment a Salvationist comes up, who has been informed by the

League of Mercy Sister of the date of his discharge, and invites him to come to the Prison-date Home, where a chance will be given him to commence life in a better way.



### Solo: THE GENERAL'S DREAM.

We have a grand Salvation plan,  
Of which I'm going to tell;  
The grandest ever made by man  
To rescue souls from hell.  
Salvation—Human and Divine,  
Of soul and body too;  
We'll have eternity in time.  
When the General's dream comes true.

#### Chorus.

Oh, the General's dream, that noble scheme,  
Gives John Jones work to do;  
He'll have a bed and he will feed,  
When the General's dream comes true.

For the hungry, starving, homeless wreck,  
Abounding everywhere,  
His scheme allows that every sex  
Deserves a cab-horse fare.  
The cab-horse has his work you'll find,  
With food and shelter too;  
Man shall no longer be behind,  
When the General's dream comes true.

In the grand old Book of books we read,  
God made man from the ground;  
In Eden's garden he did feed,  
Where plenty did abound.  
But now he's starving in the slums,  
And can't get work to do;  
To the garden back we'll bring the bums,  
When the General's dream comes true.

From the city colony to the farm,  
Transplanted Jones will be,  
And then with rural knowledge armed,  
To the colony over sea.  
Old things will pass away you'll see,  
And everything come new;  
You'll read his name, John Jones,  
M.P.  
When the General's dream comes true.

### II.—The Tramp's Friend.

#### Scene I.—Forsaken.

The old tramp with the crow's feet and stubby beard and tattered garments appears on street. It is below zero. He rubs his hands and looks up and down; finally he spies a gentleman approaching, and asks him for alms. The man declines, but as the tramp with emphatic gestures continues to press his request, remembers that he has a book of coupons of the S. A. Shelter, and fills one up, which he gives to the tramp. Both walk off in different directions.



### Scene II.—In the Shelter.

The tramp enters the Shelter and takes his seat at the table; the waiter takes his coupon and brings him a bowl of soup, which is spooned up and at last drained dry. A plate with food, a slice of bread, and a mug of tea follows and is disposed of speedily. The tramp gives every evidence of pleasure and finally the Captain takes him to the dormitory, tells him he must saw wood in the morning to pay for his bed.

#### CHORUS.

Tune.—Two lovely black eyes,  
God save old Brown,  
God save old Brown,  
From being a loafer and hanging  
'round town,  
God save old Brown.

### III.—War Cry Selling.

#### Scene I.—The Dude.

Lassie selling War Cry on street meets a dude, who is asked to buy. Dude, with every gesture of disgust, pushes the paper from him, passes on.



#### Scene II.—The Friend.

A business man is accosted and readily buys, with much fuss. He is profuse in his talk and inquires friendly after the local work and various soldiers' well-being. After paying for the paper he passes on.



#### Scene III.—The Drunk.

Lassie meets a drunk, who becomes very friendly, and finally falls to the ground, making a few futile efforts to rise. Lassie tries to lift him, but fails, and goes to fetch help. In the meantime some Philistines appear on the scene and mock the poor drunk in various ways. Then rush off to find a policeman. Three Salvationists appear next, who lift the drunken man bodily and carry him off to the S. A. Temple. After they have left, the policeman appears on the scene, to find the bird down. (This is a true story which only recently took place in Toronto.)

Other scenes may be added as desired; for instance, (a) selling from door to door; the lassie coming up to a door, which opens and a friendly lady buys a Cry. (b) At another a rough man pushes the seller back and slams the door; lassie prays on door step. (c) Selling Cry in saloon. A typical saloon scene: Lassie offers Cry for sale and sings them a verse of a song from it.

Something should be said about the newspapers and periodicals of the Army, which are printed in 17 different languages, and have a total average circulation of over one million copies per week in the main portion of the globe. There are 52 distinct publications—monthly and weekly—issued by the S. A.



## SOLO.

Good evening, friends, I'm glad to introduce to you the Cry.  
A paper that you ought not to omit to buy;  
A paper full of glorious news, for prince and peasant, too,  
A paper that is sure to please good folks like you.

## Chorus.

War Cry! War Cry! War Cry!  
Five cents will buy a copy with columns sixty-four,  
Devoted to the spreading of the S. A. war;  
No quack advertisements appear with cures for great and small,  
But free and full salvation, good for one and all.

Spoken.—"Hey, Serji, Brown, take a War Cry to that lady—now, another there—that's it, golaw like hot cakes, easily as a pneumatic—tyred safety down an incline."

"Friends, you will find the matter as bright as the electric light, refreshing as 'Budo,' and your verdict will probably be—'Two of the very best things to be seen are the General and the War Cry.'"

Some people greet us with a sneer and elevate their eye,  
Or give a leer as we appear, and say, "War Cry!"

"Hey, Jack, there goes the Army! Look out, you'll hear the drum!"  
But if you meet us in the street, say, "War Cry?" come.

Spoken.—"And then, Sister Jones, or Brother Thompson, as the case may be, will run across the road, saying, 'Certainly, ma'am; we have a wonderful War Cry this week. See what it contains' (reads contents); 'and don't be surprised if he suddenly shouts out.' (Chorus.)"

Bill Sikes was once a boozier, his wife had weeping eyes;  
But when he read this paper his own tears would rise:  
The Lord spoke, through the War Cry, and broke Bill's rocky heart;  
He then got saved, and on the Cry he took his part.

Spoken.—"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the dear fellow, whose home was a hotel, his wife a broken-hearted woman, and his children in rags, was saved, by the grace of God, through the instrumentality of the War Cry—and he is only a typical case; there are many such cases. If you meet him in the street give him a smile, and say, 'Pass me a War Cry, sir,' and you will probably hear him say, with a broad grin of delight?" (Chorus.)

## IV.—Daisy.

This is a verbatim representation of the story by the Field Commissioner, which appeared some time back in the War Cry, only divided into scenes now.

## Scene I.—Daisy's Home.



Daisy by name, and daisy indeed in form—a daisy in a slum, perhaps, but all the same a daisy, despite the plucked features, pale cheek, ragged frock and naked feet. She drifts up the rickety stairway of the drunkard's home, and to the pale-faced mother, who pines her needle and thread until the early hours of the morning, holding up a bunch of faded flowers, and cries, "Look, mother, now I can sell them for something for your supper."

## Scene II.—Daisy on the Street.

The little bare head and naked feet stand a long time in the biting wind of the winter's night, but no one buys.

At last a well-dressed man, to the delight of the child, asks:



"And what do you expect to get for that faded nosegay, little one?"  
"Whatever you like to give, sir."  
The heart of the purchaser, evidently touched by the pitiful, appealing glance of the eyes uplifted, gives ten cents, and a looker-on might have thought that the breath of the night had caught the child, for the speed with which she passed down the street.

## Scene III.—Daisy Kicked.

It was the first silver coin the tiny fingers had clasped, and too excited to retain her joy, immediately on reaching the wretched home, calls out as she climbs the rickety stairs:  
"Oh, mother, mother, ten cents, a gentleman gave it me—for the flowers—I have sold them. Look, mother,"—holding up the coin—"all shilling."



Unfortunately the father is there, has heard the words "ten cents," and demands that the money be given to him; the child crouches with terror behind the door of the garret.

"Give me that money," cried the father.  
"No, no!" screams the child, "I have got it for mamma. It's to buy her something to eat. I've got it—it's my own, for mamma."

The man, enraged with drunken fury, "I'll teach you to keep money from your father," lifts up his foot—a man's foot—with a boot on—a man's foot, and kicks the little figure against the opposite wall of the garret, which is splashed with her blood. He snatches the coin from the now unconscious fingers, and the monster of brutality stumbles downstairs heedless of where his heavy foot had fallen, into the nearest saloon.

## Scene IV.—Daisy's Father in Saloon.



He turns just as the man behind the bar is saying:  
"Why, you might have thought the little one had got wings fixed on there"

and then; she simply flew, bare feet too; 'twasn't the flowers, you know; they're no worth," pointing to the faded bunch lying on the bar, "but 'twere just to give her smuth; I tell yer, now, I wish I'd given her more; she looked so pitiful and hungry, too—I believe she said her mother was sick; anyway, I never saw feet run like those little uns; I can't get the sight on her out of me eyes!"  
The drunken father stayed no longer to hear more of the conversation, but turned conscience-smitten into the street.

## Scene V.—Daisy's Father Converted.

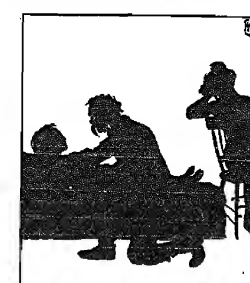
Just at that moment the throbs of an Army drum and the ringing strains of cornet attracted attention. Not knowing whither to go he follows the procession into the barracks; the meeting goes on; somebody talks to him; everybody prays with him; somebody cries over him; and while they sing:



"All the waters of the sea cannot wash my sins away,  
But Thy precious Blood can do the deed to-day;  
Jesus, Jesus, while o'er my sins I grieve,  
Thou canst receive me and cleanse. I believe,"  
the man gets soundly converted.

## Scene VI.—Daisy Dying.

He hurries home, up the stairs, tells his wife the story. He is never going to drink anymore, he says. With tears in the woman's eyes, scarcely knowing whether to believe it, she says, "Hush," and points to the little heap of rags and whiteness on the bed. The only color there was the heavy blood stains on the brow.



"Oh, my God, have I killed her?" the man gasped.  
"No, but you have kicked her eye out."

The marble-like figure stirred. "Oh, is that you, papa? Come here to me, papa; I am not dead, and I am not sleeping. I have heard all you've said to mamma. Oh, I'm so glad you're made good, papa. I don't mind losing my eye, if you'll only be good and good to mamma. I would lose my two eyes to make you good."

The tall figure of the man went down in a heap at the child's side, and the two little arms, blindly feeling, found their way round his neck.

"Papa," she said, "could you sing one of the hymns they sing where they have those bright meetings?"

"Oh, Daisy, I can't sing; I don't know any good songs. I don't know nothing good yet."

"Well, could you just put your arm around me, papa? You know, like you never did, and hold me up and I will sing." The rough arm, unaccustomed to expressions of affection or tenderness, held up the little form, and the weak, trembling voice, with many

quivers, from darts of pain, rang through the garret:

"There is a better world, they say,  
Oh, so bright!  
Where sin and woe are done away,  
Oh, so bright!  
There music fills the balmy air,  
And angels with bright wings are there,  
And harps of gold, and mansions fair,  
Oh, so bright!"

and an angel, kissing the cheek, bore the little spirit to the land of which the child did speak, while the broken-hearted father poured on the face, cold in death, the hot and passionate kisses that should have been given in life—the little darling did give her two eyes and the gift thrust open the flood-gates of parental affection, and let loose the rivers of redeeming grace.

## ALL TOGETHER SING:

And though we're sinners, every one,  
Jesus died!  
And though our crown of peace is gone,  
Jesus died!  
We may be cleansed from every stain,  
We may be crowned with bliss again,  
And in that land of Glory reign,  
Jesus died!  
Turn on the lights while singing, and give the invitation, going at once into the prayer-meeting. B. P.

## GOD IN A WORD.

Words are signs. They express thoughts. They present ideas. Their power is often beyond all proportion to their character. "Go" may convey by one person a mark of honor, or by another dishonor. A small word, full of momentous effect. The fact is, words are not valued by themselves. The person who utters them, and the spirit in which they are spoken, have to be considered. God in one word by one person may bring life; the same word in another's lips may savour of death.

"Good-night, sir, God bless you," said a soldier to a neighbor, as he was about to pass into a close and enter his home. The soldier put his soul into his heart. A sincere spirit animates words. God was in those simple words.

"Don't go, George," replied the person addressed.

"In trouble?" immediately asked the Salvationist.

"Am never out of it, man; if I get out of one trouble it is only to fall into another."

"There's no rest for the wicked," commented the Salvationist. "While you keep God out of your life, I'm afraid there's a lot more trouble in store for you, Sandy."

"It's a perfect hell."

"I know it. I have passed through it myself. I know how it feels. To know what is right, and sometimes to have a strong desire to do it, and yet be without the power to do it, presents a picture of what you will be in hell if you die in your present state."

"It can't be much worse, George, than it is here in Glasgow."

"Oh, yes, it will."

"In what way?"

"In hell you will have no chance at all; in Glasgow you have just one."

"Just one? How do you make that out?"

"Because we have only the present moment to call our own; so that you have but one chance to get right with God."

"Well, I will," the man said, in such an emphatic manner as to surprise even the man of faith. The fact is, he was ready for God. He was tired of living without God, and had prayed, or had made a bargain with himself before the Salvationist appeared. "If he speaks one word of salvation to me, I will believe that God does not wish to cast me off," the man had said; so that when he passed by saying, "God bless you!" he felt satisfied that God was in the word.

He and his family are all Salvationists today.—London War Cry

A friend, it is another name for God. Whose love inspires all love, is all in all.  
Profane if not, best lowest shame befall!  
Worship no idol, whether star or clod!  
Nor think that any friend is truly thine.  
Save as life's closest link with Love Divine,  
—Lucy Larcom.



Weekly Watchword:

Saved to Serve.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

Once Slaves of Sin, now Servants of Righteousness.—Romans vii. 22.

Once the servants of sin, now the servants of righteousness; once in the pay of all iniquity and receiving the wages of sin, which is death, now rejoicing in the freedom of a glad service to Heaven. Whose reward is eternal life. What a happy change.

MONDAY.

Essentials for satisfactory Service.—1. Ch. xxviii. 9.

Two things we must possess in order to please God in our service—one is a perfect heart, and the other a willing mind. The Blood of Jesus will keep the former right, a union with His will must guarantee the latter.

TUESDAY.

Serve God by a Holy Life.—Romans xiv. 17 and 18.

To make our service acceptable to God and a credit in the sight of man should be our ambition. To do this we must manifest righteousness, peace and joy. Integrity in all things, freedom from unnecessary friction and a cheerful content, are qualities bound to make their mark on the lives of others.

WEDNESDAY.

Whole-hearted Service.—Col. iii. 23 and 24.

A grudging service in God's eyes is no service at all. To serve God all the heart must be given, all the life consecrated. No soldier of the Cross ever regrets having spent his all in the service of his King—it is the only life that will bear looking back upon.

THURSDAY.

Faithful Service.—Matt. xxiv. 46.

Our idea of a faithful servant on earth is one that does his duty to his master whether the master's eye is on him or not. In our service for Heaven the eye of our Master is ever watching us, and it is the man who does right in the smallest as well as in great opportunities of life, who shall receive His final "Well done."

FRIDAY.

Honorable service recognised.—John xli. 28.

Good men and true often receive their honor on earth as well as in heaven. God's recognition rests upon fulfilled duty even in this life. The grey hairs that have whitened in the King's cause are rarely sundered by dishonor. A good old man may not be rich, but he is in most cases a respected one.

SATURDAY.

Heavenly Service.—Rev. vii. 15.

To a great many energetic soldiers of Christ—here is a joy to think that the Bible holds out possibilities of a glorified service in the skies. If service here, while battling against opposition and difficulty, and often amid manifold temptations, is so sweet, what will be the bliss of service wrought under such happy conditions?

WANTED!

Army literature to send to the lumber camps. Address Brigadier Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple, Albert Street, Toronto.

## Epigrams.

By JOUBERT.

Conceited people always seem to me like dwarfs, to have the stature of a child and the countenance of a man.

Nothing costs children so much trouble as thought. This is because the ultimate and essential destiny of the soul is to see and to know, and not to think. Thought is one of the tasks of life, a method of attainment, a road, a passage, but not an end in itself. To know, and to be known, are the two points of rest; here will be the happiness of souls.

A little vanity and a little gratification of the senses. These are what make up the life of the majority of women and men.

Contradiction only irritates us, because it disturbs us in our peaceful possessions of some opinion, or of

some pre-eminence. That is why it is more irritating to the weak man than to the strong, and to the fulcrum than to the healthy.

It is never other people's opinions that disturb us, but only the desire they sometimes show to impose them upon us, against our will.

We may fall into inconsistency through error. It is a fine thing to fall into it through truth, and then we must throw ourselves into it headlong.

The multitude are capable of virtue, but not of wisdom. More infallible in a question of value than in a question of preference—they can recognize, but they cannot choose. There is more meaning than one would think in the joke against the butcher, who, having need of a lawyer, went into the law courts, and there chose the stoniest.

The first poets and writers made men wise; modern writers try and make wise men mad.



## Christ and Nicodemus.

Hitherto those who had chiefly sought Jesus, or showed any practical response to His teachings, were men of the poorer and fisherman classes. Nicodemus, as a member of the Sanhedrin, belonged to the wealthier and ruling people, and was thus a man of considerable importance in the Jewish world. That he came to enquire of Christ at night does not necessarily show that he was enslaved by cowardly fear of the Jews; it may have been that he did not want to commit himself in the eyes of the world until he was convinced of the truth of the Saviour's teachings.

How did Christ meet Nicodemus? Was there any favor shown him because he was a great man in the social and religious world? Far from it. Christ gave him the most direct and uncompromising definition of God's will that He had yet uttered. What a lesson does the definiteness of Christ's dealings with men teach to the Christian world to-day? He never induced matters with anybody, nor lowered the standard of what was right to gain the favor of a soul. In God's sight, all men are equal in their importance as possessors of never-dying souls, and all must be dealt with accordingly. Let us guard against the hideous

temptation of making salvation easy for anybody.

There is no royal road to real religion. A definite experience must have a definite start, and there is no right commencement but a thorough change of heart.

Thousands have got wrong here. They stepped into a religious profession without the experience of conversion, which alone can equip a man with spiritual possession. At the time, perhaps, there is no striking weakness manifest in their walk, but sooner or later the shaky character of their faith is bound to be declared. They cannot say, "I KNOW in Whom I have believed," and the world soon finds it out, and judges accordingly. How long they have made shipwreck of their insecure salvation, and are branded as failures in all eyes. But such do not detract from the all-conquering value of Saving Grace which is able to save to the uttermost all and each who will abandon themselves to its influence.

Salvation is the hope of the world. When all who name the Name of Christ, and profess to be His followers, have actually passed from death unto life, and are definitely and uncompromisingly consecrated to God and His purposes, the day of the Sun of righteousness will have dawned round the universe.



He who cannot keep silence cannot gain ascendancy. In action, speak yourself; in speech, spare yourself; in action, fear sloth; in speech, fear abundance, ardour and volubility.

Wisdom is a science by which we distinguish things that are good for the soul from those that are not. It is the science of sciences, because it knows their value, their exact importance, their true use, their dangers and their purpose.

"Fear God" has made many a man pious, the proofs of the existence of a God have made many men atheists. From the defence springs the attack; the advocate hedges in his hearer's will to pick holes; and men are almost led on, from the desire to contradict the doctor, to the desire to contradict the doctrine. Make truth lovely, and do not try to arm her; mankind will then be far less inclined to contend with her.

The writers who have influence are the only men who express perfectly what others think, and who awake in men's minds feelings that were ready to blossom. In the depths of human mind all literatures lie dormant.

## As the Master Sees.

(A Legend.)

Years ago I read a story  
That I never shall forget  
Just a legend of the Saviour.  
But his memory haunts me yet.  
Though not found in sacred writing,  
Yet I always think it true.  
For it seemeth like the Master's.  
Just what He would say and do,  
Jesus, with His loved disciples,  
Once was walking by the sea,  
O'er them shone the sun in splendor,  
At their feet lay the Master's  
Sweet the Master's discourse with them.

As He taught these chosen few  
Deeper secrets of the Scripture  
Than the learned rabbis knew.  
Sweeter far to them His accents  
Than the sweetest song of birds;  
Time and place alike forgotten,  
As they listened to His words.  
Suddenly upon their musings  
Broke a harsh, discordant noise:  
Muffled shouts and cries now reach them.

While a troop of men and boys  
Round the nearest hill pursuing  
A half-faunted dog, appears.  
On their urge the maddened creature,  
With fierce blows and cruel jeers,  
Springing forward with new courage,  
As the waiting group he spies,  
Trapping, with a cry half-human.

At the Saviour's feet he died.  
His mis-shapen, shrunken body  
Was a mass of putrid sores;  
By the mob he had been beaten  
Till the blood oozed from the pores.  
Both to sight and smell offensive,  
Was the carcass as it lay.

Peter, always first in action,  
Spurned it with his foot away,  
Saying, "Master, sore it grieves me  
That Thou shouldst let this object see,  
Stench so vile, sight so repulsive,  
Should be kept afar from Thee."  
But the Master answered, "Peter,  
While thou saw'st but wounds and ulcers,

Thou didst fail his teeth to notice,  
"They than pearls were wilder far."  
Peter, shameful, made no answer,  
But the lesson comes to all;  
Good is found in every being,  
Though great may have been his fall.  
Pearls of priceless worth are buried  
Far beneath the ocean's wave;  
So in darkness souls are waiting  
For the hand stretched out to save.

Let us, as we journey onward,  
Then the flag of love unfurl,  
Remembering what we deem as worthless,  
May conceal a priceless pearl.

Julia Leslie  
Bridgetown, N. S.

NEEPAWA, Man.—We had a wonderful time in our holiness meeting Sunday. One dear sister volunteered out and got the victory. Sing-song meeting in the afternoon went with a swing. The duty by Mrs. "Sister" and the Captain was enjoyed by all present. At night deep conviction, but none yielded.—Lieut. Hanson.

## The Day

SUNSHINE in a desirable quality and Staff-Capt. George Manton, a typical soldier for whom many v.

The Staff-Capt. is not in years, that is pretty young, and the solid way his run well believe a sturdy physique of age many years be seen he is not in when we say he is Toronto for 41 years.

George Manton to join the Salvation Army in Toronto in imagination of course of events for Salvation Army, the gallery of Salvation Army, the glory of the some are fighting faith in this and some—alas! have and are tossed by the stormy sea of ing for no harbor no crowd of him them—but drifting.

Oldest Canadian The Staff-Capt. degree of satisfaction he is the oldest officer and soldier Army, and has been.

Something started one of his stories we are sending War Cry to our of encouragement engaged in the I said the Staff his spectacles—ago since I appeared and a good story it for another year full of life and as clear as I used to get singing. I in torium before and I think I am, that I was my heart had this Army world of me. There was and before I a tion I went Comrade I at the door of the quarters and I were one at I just present told him if I decide at once take the stum on the Monday "He answer "Go to T— "I account left the Rtt comfortably I me for leavin an unceratn Army scene God had call week I want "When I big shank of in uniform, heard on the new Cal repelled, in down-hearted "God help us to see it, verted, and found that circumstance not been I very low down-hearted was dying time not a I to the L tenant, let away we flag to the being canr comic trial says he."



Daddy Manton's 1st Corp.

## THE WAR CRY.

# The Days that "Used to Was,"

Or, WAR MEMORIES OF A VETERAN.

By BRIGADIER COMPLIN.

SUNSHINE in the face is a very desirable quality for a Salvationist, and Staff-Capt. Geo. Manton has generally a typical sunshiny salvation face for whoever may visit his office.

The Staff-Capt. is not a young man—not in years, that is; he reckons he is pretty young, and whoever looks at the solid way his body is constructed can well believe that such a broad, sturdy physique will resist the decay of age many years longer; but it will be seen he is not in some senses young, when we say he has been a citizen of Toronto for 41 years.

George Manton was among the first to join the Salvation Army at its inception in Toronto. He can take you in imagination through the whole course of events from the day the first Salvationist shot was fired, to the current happenings of to-day. Of course, he is full of stories of the war—the early days especially furnish rich material for his reminiscences.

Staff-Capt. Manton has a photographic gallery of Salvation celebrities, some of whom are shining now in the glory of the Lord's own presence; some are fighting the good fight of faith in this and other lands, and some—alas! have suffered a sad collapse and are tossed hither and thither on the stormy sea of life, derelicts, making for no harbor of safety, carrying no crowd of happy passengers with them—but drifting down to doom!

### Oldest Canadian Salvationist.

The Staff-Capt. points with no small degree of satisfaction to the fact that he is the oldest remaining Canadian officer and soldier of the Salvation Army, and has been kept faithful until now.

Something started the Staff-Capt. on one of his stories the other day, and we are sending the same through the War Cry to our readers as a means of encouragement, especially to those engaged in the hard fight.

Said the Staff-Capt., looking through his spectacles—"It is fourteen years ago since I applied for the work. I had a good situation, but was leaving it for another at \$12 per week. I was full of life and dash, and had a voice as clear as a bell. In those days I used to get \$10 and \$20 a night for singing. I have sung in the Auditorium before the Governor General, and I think I may say, without egotism, that I was a popular singer. But my heart had been stirred up about this Army work. The fire had got hold of me. There was no rest in my bones, and before I accepted this new situation I went to see the Commissioner. I stood talking with him at the door of the Headquarters (Headquarters and the Commissioner's house were one at that time), on Bathurst St. I just presented my case to him, and told him if he wanted me he must decide at once, or I should have to take the situation that was offered me on the Monday following.

"He answered me in three words—'Go to T.'"

"I accordingly arranged my affairs—left the little woman (his wife) as comfortably as I could. Some blamed me for leaving good prospects for such an uncertain way of living as the Army seemed to present, but I said God had called me, and the following week I went by train to T—"

"When I got out at the station, a big shunk of a fellow came up to me in uniform. He had Lieutenant's 'bind on.' Says he to me, 'Are you the new Captain?' I said, 'Yes.' He replied, in a most despising and down-hearted way, 'God help us! God help us!' 'So He will help us to get the fire burning, sinners converted, and the work rolling on.' I found that through some unfortunate circumstances, the corps, which had not been long opened, had got into very low water. Everybody was down-hearted, and thought the Army was dying. That night at open-air time not a soldier appeared. So says I to the Lieutenant, 'Come on, Lieutenant, let's go to the open-air,' and away we went with the drum and flag to the centre of the town, the flag being carried by an untrained man—a comely Irishman, by name McCarthy. Says he, 'Captain, I'll carry the banner for you.' 'All right,' says I, and away we went.

### Loud Singing.

"The people were peeping through the doors and windows, wondering what I was going to do, I suppose, but when I got to the town centre, I knelt down on the cold, wet stones in the rain and prayed to God to send His blessing upon us, and to convert some sinner. I got up and sang a solo—'Where is my wandering boy to-night?' I sang so loud that the people at Merriton—13 miles away—told me that they heard me singing. My heart was full, and I sang in the power of the Spirit. Listening to me that night was a poor drunkard and gambler, and a wandering boy at that—a ball-hair just out of Sing-Sing, having served three years—had come out that very week. I got him to go back to the barracks with us. When we got to the barracks for the inside meeting, a number of soldiers were on hand and wanted to get on the platform, but says I, 'No you don't—no! until you have been to the penitential form; if you can't fight with me in the open-air, you are not going to fight with me inside.'"

"We had a lovely meeting. The gambler came out broken-hearted to the penitential form. When the fight broke into his soul he was filled with

joy, and willing to do anything for God. Says he to me, 'Captain, here's \$750 worth which I have won in gambling. I do not mean to touch a cent of it, and before my eyes he tore them up (which were in notes of hand) into shreds.'"

"But," we interrupted, "if he came out of prison that week, where would he have time to get those notes of hand?"

The Staff-Capt. replied, 'He had had them all the three years of his term in prison, and a gambling debt, let me tell you, will be paid sooner than a store bill. There is honor even amongst gamblers. Said he, with tears streaming down his cheeks, 'It is 14 years since I wrote to my mother, and she does not know but that I am a respectable young man to-day, but I will write to her to-night.'"

### A New Barracks.

"From that night the revival spread. Those who had wondered what the new Captain was going to be like, felt that God was with him, and came over to help us wholesale. A gentleman whom I had got to read the lesson, said to me a few days after, 'Captain, that hall is a great expense for you. \$22 a month is a lot of money. Come over and look at this place of mine.' And he took me to a small house, which had been fitted up for a dancing hall. Says I, 'That's just the place.'"

"Says he, 'Will it suit you?'"

"I said, 'Beautifully.'"

"He says he, 'You can have it for \$1 a year, and I will put the dollar into the collection.'"

"God bless you, sir," says I.

"But," he says, 'you will want some seats, won't you?'"



Ensign Bloss, Dawson City, in his Winter Clothes.

"I said, 'Yes.'"

"Well, come down the yard with me," he replied, 'I have got some lumber there.' And if he didn't give me all the lumber I wanted to make the seats! I tell you it was not long before we had one of the nicest little barracks around the country. In three weeks we cleared off \$75 of debt, and although I was only there a short time, God was with us, and we left the corps in splendid trim.

### Visitation.

"On my visitation, going down the canal, I dropped into a hammer factory, where a man—a big, gruff Irishman—was making a big sledge hammer.

"I said to the man, 'Good-morning, sir. What are you doing there, sir?'"

"Well," he says, 'I am making this hammer.'"

"I said, 'Are you married, sir?'"

"Yes," says the man, 'I live in that little cottage on the hill top.'"

"I suppose you have got a little boy who comes to see you at dinner-time—do you love him?'"

"Well, I suppose I do," said the man.

"Do you love your wife? says I."

"What are you at? said the man hastily.

"Well, sir, I said, 'I thought you thoroughly understood your business in hammering that hammer, and the thought occurred to me, have you learned the secret of tempering your own heart? Are you converted?'"

"The man stopped his work, and looking me full in the face, said 'I'm afraid I am not, sir.'"

"Then," said I, 'you cannot love your wife nor your little ones as you should do, unless you get converted. What a change it would make in your life and home if you gave your heart to God. And I saw the tear drop.

"What you say is perfectly correct."

"The bulk of my time at that place was spent visiting the men in the boats, as they passed up and down the Welland Canal. There were wooden shambles up and down the banks of the canal, which formed a cover for the men. I used to go in there and drop on my knees or sit on the floor at their feet, and say, 'God bless you, are you converted?' 'Sing with them and thus bring them to Christ.'"

### Quite Poetical.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—All alive and kicking. Since last report seven at the Mercy Seat—for salvation, 2 backsliders, 1 for full salvation. Bless God! He's good.

Sick to the gizzard, kids, the Blood-and-Fire show! Get into the house, ladies, let the people know.

The world you have forsaken and to Jesus now you go. For the self and pride and worldliness are underneath the snow.

—Shakespeare II.

I notice three brand new bonnets on the market lately. Glory be to Jesus! —Signed, Me.



ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI ENDEAVORS TO CONVERT SULTAN MELIC-KAMEL.

St. Francis of Assisi, the well-known founder of the Order of the Franciscans, made his appearance in the Christian army during the time of the crusades. His reputation for piety was spread throughout the Christian world, and had preceded him into the East. Francis was led into Egypt by the fame of the crusade, and by the hope of their effecting some great conversion. The day preceding the last battle, he had a miraculous presentation of the defeat of the Christians, and imparted his prediction to the leaders of the army, who heard him with indifference. Disappointed with the crusaders, and devoted by the zeal of a mission from God, he then conceived the project of securing the triumph of the faith by his eloquence and the arms of the Gospel alone. He directed his course towards the enemy's camp, put

himself in the way of being taken prisoner by the Saracen soldiers, and was conducted into the presence of the Sultan. Then Francis addressed Melic-Kamel, and said to him, 'It is God Who sends me towards you, to point out to you the road to salvation.' After these words the missionary exhorted the Sultan to embrace the Gospel; he challenged in his presence all the doctors of the law, and to confound imposture and prove the truth of the Christian religion, offered to cast himself into the midst of the burning funeral-pile. The Sultan, although otherwise known for his cruelty and hatred of Christians, was so astonished and impressed by the earnest and impetuous zeal of St. Francis that he ordered him to be released and conducted outside of the Mohammedan camp, and permitted him to escape with his life.

## GAZETTE.

## Promotions—

STAFF-CAPT. TURNER, Pacific Province, to be MAJOR.  
Lieut. Edwards, of the Industrial Colony, to be Captain.

## Appointments—

BRIGADIER GASKIN, Provincial Officer of the C. O. P., to be General Secretary, with the oversight of the Central Ontario Province.

MAJOR TURNER, of the Pacific Province, to be Chancellor of the C. O. P.

STAFF-CAPT. GAGE, of the North-West Province, to be Chancellor of the Pacific Province.

ADJT. CASS to be Chancellor of the North-West Province.

ENSIGN BAILE to be Cashier of the Central Ontario Province.

Capt. Morris, Cashier of the Central Ontario Province, to the General Secretary's Office.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Field Commissioner.



## Peace or War.

The nations' representatives are now assembled in Holland to discuss means to bring us closer to a permanent peace among all civilized peoples of the earth. All true Christians will pray that the deliberations of the assembly may be blessed and directed in a special manner by God. It is true, God sits in government, and will ultimately bring about His own purposes, but it is in the power of man to delay or hasten the same. Prayer, if it is anything, is a most efficient force to help us individually, as well as the subjects of our prayer, and fervent prayers on behalf of such an important congress as the one which is considering such questions of vital importance, will not fail to make themselves felt in a very practical manner. If but all the beautiful sentiments passed on behalf of the Peace Convention, in print and in spoken words, became the prayer of the hearts of all Christendom—not the lips only—we could, with certainty, predict enormous accomplishments for good. It will be done unto us according to our faith in this question, as well as in every thing else.

## Action.

The Field Commissioner has been putting her precepts into practice, and amidst the mass of business of administration has found time to do a series of private and public meetings. Needless to say, her meetings have met with thorough appreciation, as well as being loved for that character that makes them live in our memories. The great Massey Hall meeting is approaching at the time of writing this, and there is every indication that it will be as immense a success as the previous demonstration of like title, which enlisted the sympathies of thousands, and awakened many consciences that until then had been deaf to the pleadings of Love Divine.

It is success that colors all in life; Success makes fools admired, makes villains honest; All the proud virtue of this vanishing world Fades on success or power, however acquired. —Thompson.

# The Field Commissioner AT LIPPINCOTT.

## A Sunday Night Stamped upon the Recollection of Saint and Sinner.

WHAT kind of a time are we going to have to-night, Adjutant? I overheard the Chief Secretary ask the faith of Lippincott's commanding officer. Adj. DesBrisay, answering out of the same, prophetically and unhesitatingly declared, "Beautiful!" The unquestioning confidence of a Salvationist staggers scepticism. But that the Adjutant had good grounds for her remark is beyond dispute. The prelude to the great occasion, viz., the Commissioner's night meeting, had been an afternoon of more than ordinary interest. Brigadier Gaskin, the leader, said it was a good meeting, others who were there said it was a better one. Ten Local Officers were commissioned, there were brief speeches and bright singing from Major Horn, Adj. Stanton, Sergt. Major Seeds, "Bishop" Blackburn, the renowned "Jake," and others. Brigadier Gaskin made some edifying remarks on Dives and Lazarus, and there was excellent attention. Altogether the meeting was just the character to whet the appetite of both soldiers and sinners for the night's event. It was a great occasion—the first Sunday service conducted by the Commissioner at the corps. That it was going to make a record, others beside Adj. DesBrisay felt quite certain.

Hurrying down the Garrison stairs (for to begin a meeting late, in the Commissioner's estimation, is to begin a meeting ill) our leader had a narrow escape of colliding with what appeared at first sight, a squad of stray chairs, attempting to wave their salutes, but which afterwards proved to be a brother of hot and confused aspect, struggling with the problem of just about twice as many chairs as one man could carry. Leaving the devoted comrade to extricate himself and the chairs, we followed the Commissioner down stairs, remarking so to voice that it was rather significant that chairs should be carried down to barracks, which has its full complement of seating accommodation.

The mystery was explained on entering the hall. There were plenty of people to cry blessing on the brave gentleman with the chairs. The place was full, from the edge of the well-equipped platform to the swing of Lippincott's green-baited door.

Stepping to the front with her hand on her hymn-book, but her eye upon the faces before her, we think the Commissioner much have felt something of the inspiration their uplifted gaze presented. It was not until the crowd, both from point of intelligence and interest, "Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die?" gave the tone to the meeting.

"Oh, the love that sought me" is an engaging melody for saints, but we never heard it sung more effectively to sinners than by Staff-Capt. Mantou that night. The old veteran's enthusiasm was infectious, it linked an every one on the platform and laid hold of the congregation. There could be no stiffness after that. But, indeed, there had been none before, the purpose of the meeting was too plainly written on faces and lips, and heart. Eternal steps for up or down were going to be taken in that very meeting, and sinners as well as saints felt the significance of the approaching crisis.

Something of a surprised hush fell upon the crowd as the Commissioner laid her Bible on the stand and said, "Let us read," but "Let us pray." The gates of heaven's blessing were not unopened that night on behalf of any kind of any sinner for whom her burning petitions were raised.

## The Commissioner's Address.

The address which followed is the burden to describe because its force lay as much in feeling as in fact. Eloquence is a word easily defined, but action is better experienced than explained, and it was with the weight of nothing less that the Commissioner ripped away excuses, shattered indifference, and declared the immeasurable mercy and limitless power of God's great salvation. The

intrinsic worth of what was said might be divided into two values to the unconverted heart:—1st. The hatefulness of the sin they clung to. 2nd. The Heaven of Heavens which, by doing this, they missed. The dusk of waning spring twilight had already settled down upon the throng, but in the half-lights the faces of many gleamed, white and conscience-stricken, as the Commissioner with impassioned vehemence, plunged the sword of truth into the weak spots of professions before her. She drew pictures with startling graphism of description. Men who indulged their appetites with insidious liquor trembled as they looked upon their own portrait years hence—"drunkards tagging past chances, past home, past hope, past mothers' prayers, past wife's pleadings—staggering on until they stumbled against their own tombstone and fell headlong into an abyss of retribution." The gambler, the hypocrite, and others were unmasked and their hidden excuses dragged out and disposed of. It was a time of revivification, men's hearts were laid bare before their own gaze. The ring of avenging justice in the speaker's voice melted into tender pleading as she closed, and the last picture that she showed us was of the Cross.

## A Well-Fought Prayer Meeting.

The prayer meeting that followed was worthy of the name. It was a pitched battle against that hellish suggestion, "a more convenient season"—for the devil of indifference had been practically banished. Everybody took part in it; the singing, praying, and believing were of the first order—that is, they were of the wrestling, desperate stamp. There was a refusal to give in that defied opposition, and barriers went down. The barracks were riddled with salvation shot from the front and peppered with persistence and persuasion by a gang of fishers, staff and field officers, soldiers and cadets, who laid hold of the individual convicted. Spent though she must have been after an hour's talk, into which she put almost as much physical energy as spiritual force, the Commissioner moved amongst the people, following up the smitten and persuading the halting. Brigadier Gaskin held the bridge, the Chief Secretary fished energetically. Mrs. Jacobs and Mrs. Gaskin were both engaged in hand to hand combats; Major Collier laid hold of a big sinner at the back. Staff-Captain Morris of another at the front; while Major Turner, Staff-Capt. Mantou, and others were similarly busy. The Staff Band lent something more than color to the occasion—everybody who wasn't pleading seemed praying, everybody who wasn't praying seemed singing, and everybody was believing.

Salvation came to that house—of course it did; we expected it under such conditions, and some real work was put in at the pentest form. Hot tears fell there, and judging by the earnestness with which God's mercy was sought, we believe its power was proved.

Numbers of those who went out with conviction's arrows pinioning their procrastinating souls will return. Like the young man who, to escape Mrs. Gaskin's plucking, rushed from the building, only to reform his steps some twenty minutes after to fall on his knees at the front.

"One of the best meetings I have been in," said one officer.

"A battle that blessed my soul," said another.

"A model salvation fight," put in a third. "God give us more of them!" I didn't hear what the soldiers thought, but judging by their looks and lungs in the prayer meeting, we venture to say they enjoyed the meeting up to the hilt.

The love that survives the tomb is one of the noblest tributes of the soul. —Washington Irving.

## Hamilton's Anniversary OF WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK.

(Special.)

The city's Chief Magistrate, Mayor Teetzel, presided over a large and influential gathering, and spoke in commendatory terms of the reformatory and charitable work done by the Army in Hamilton. Brigadier Mrs. Read, Women's Social Secretary, delivered the Anniversary report. Rev. Dr. Beavis, Congregational; Rev. Mr. Emerson, Baptist; Rev. Mr. Jensen, Presbyterian, and Rev. W. F. Wilson, Methodist, made stirring speeches. Mr. Ogilvie, Governor of the Jail, quoted unimpeachable statistics showing a decrease in criminals to the jail among women. Messrs. Ryan, Evangelists, and others, assisted in the meeting at night. Full report following.—Major Stewart.

## MAJOR HARGRAVE'S RECEPTION IN MONTREAL.

In accordance with recent announcements in the Witness, the welcome meeting to Major and Mrs. Hargrave, the newly-appointed commanders of this Province, took place at the St. Alexander St. barracks last night. The reception was very enthusiastic, and the attendance of both soldiers and friends was large.

The officers of Point St. Charles corps, the Front corps and the Light-house, and representative soldiers were called upon by Staff-Capt. Rawling, who presided, for brief addresses of welcome to the new officers, which were delivered in the most cordial terms.

Both the Major and his wife delivered stirring addresses in which they thanked the friends for the warm reception accorded them, and expressed themselves as already feeling quite at home in Montreal, though they had only been in the city a few days. Mrs. Hargrave, who is not only a pleasing and impressive speaker, but has a charming voice, sang a solo very effectively. A duet by their two children, about five and seven years of age, was also greatly enjoyed.—Montreal Witness.

## A SUNDAY AFTERNOON VISIT

To the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto.

Yesterday (Sunday), being requested to go and conduct an hour's meeting in each place, the Sisters Pattenden and myself were driven over, and at 3 p.m. were ushered into the corridors of the Central. The Guard kindly let us see them open the cells. Within two minutes the corridors were full of young men ranging between the ages of 18 and 30. With great order and precision they all marched single file to the Guard Hall; we were then given charge of the meeting. There were about 370 of us, and I think I can say, "Never has a more appreciative audience sat to listen to two or three simple Salvationists." God being with us we felt we were equal to the emergency. We felt we had got the attention of the whole crowd. Several pieces were sung and accompanied by the guitar, by Sisters Pattenden. I sang, "Diamonds in the rough," and "Oh, the love that sought me," and gave them a description of my own conversion, and the happy consequences of a Christian life. During the service the congregation had several hearty, good laughs; but all over the crowd broke into good-byes. We shook many of whom we had spoken about their souls in the Salvation Army halls.

At 4 p.m. we arrived at the Mercer, and had the privilege of talking and singing to about 50 women, many of whom were new converts. We felt while addressing this crowd the great goodness of God to those who follow Him. We also felt the importance of dealing faithfully with these poor creatures; angels would desire the privilege of winning these souls for God. We cannot help saying, "God equip us for the war."—Staff-Capt. Mantou.



## THE BRU

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Midday meeting week at Messrs. J works, Glasgow. Sergt.-Major of

Major Bergstam not good, goes to Norway.

A regular week being conducted at the Holborn R of Aberdeen is a list of other les present.

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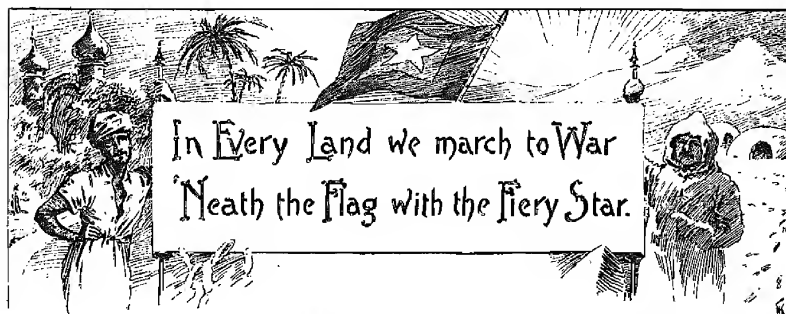
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## THE BRITISH ISLES.

The Chief of the Staff has returned from Norway and Denmark, and brings a splendid report of the Army's position.

Mrs. Bynowell Booth is arranging a breakfast in aid of the Rescue Work at the Holborn Restaurant. The Earl of Aberdeen is presiding, and a long list of other leading lights will be present.

Midday meetings are held twice a week at Messrs. Napier and Sons' Iron-works, Glasgow, conducted by the Sergt.-Major of Glasgow 1.

Major Bergstrom, whose health is not good, goes on a long furlough to Norway.

A regular weekly meeting is now being conducted at Wolverton Carriage Works. 5,000 men and boys are said to be employed here.

## UNITED STATES.

The Consul has commenced a series of holiness meetings in Greater New York.

The Nashville, Tenn., Shelter is quite a large institution. The American Cry gives some views of it.

Brigadier Cox is taking charge of the new Life Insurance Department to be managed from the New York H. Q.

Staff-Captain Hyllested, of the War Cry staff, has just married Capt. Yost.

Adj. and Mrs. T. H. Adams are in charge of Maine and a part of New Hampshire.

The J. S. Annual commences on June 1th.

## FRANCE.

Brigadier Kornachon, the Territorial General Secretary, has been transferred to the London International Headquarters. Brigadier Peyron takes his place at the Paris Headquarters.

Major Jemmonod has sought and found a new hut in the working and populous part of Paris, at Grenelle. It will be the barracks for the seventh corps.

Major Jemmonod is also looking for an eighth hut in the Gros-Cailion part of the city.

## SOUTH AFRICA.

The South African War Cry regularly gazettes the names, etc., of children who have been dedicated to God and the Army.

Further improvements in the native work are being made at the Ekwana and T'shoza stations. A day-school will be opened.

Brigadier and Mrs. Wilmer are being transferred from the native work to England.

Durban 1. corps is getting a large new citadel and officers' quarters.

## ITALY.

Brigadier Clibborn has conducted special open-air meetings in Venice. To address the audience he had to speak from a gondola. On the ship-bank, and on the banks of the canal were great crowds of people listening attentively.

## ICELAND.

We would like to be able to give our readers some news from this country, clipped from the latest Icelandic War Cry, but coming across such words as synd-fyrirgefninguna, hreinsunarkraftinn, postafgreiðnistodinn, breiðföðingastodinn, and lenföðartarpsaðinn, we regret to say we were unable to sufficiently translate enough to make an everyday sentence.

## SWEDEN and NORWAY.

Several Divisional changes have just taken place in Sweden.

A new Rescue Home in Stockholm has been purchased.

Commissioner Oliphant, of Sweden, recently dedicated 13 children belonging to officers.

A firm in Christiania gave 2,000 kroner (£110) to the Social Work, and the savings bank in the same city has donated 1,000 kroner (£55 10s.), while another firm in Trondheim has donated 200 kroner (£10) to the Stunt Work.

## INDIA and CEYLON.

"An institution for which we desire to speak a good word is the Salvation Army Rescue Home of this city, (Colombo), under the excellent management of Miss Fry. More than once recently has its beneficent work come under our notice. We are glad to commend it to the public."—Indian Witness.

Major Prabhu Das recently conducted a campaign at Colombo, when 12 souls were saved and five new soldiers made.

## FRAGMENTS FROM AFAR

Major Bruce, of Japan, has had a successful tour in the west. Accompanied by a party of eight officers and cadets, he toured the Yokohama District. This formed the largest party of officers ever seen in the west. Seven souls were saved and nine soldiers made.

A plot of land for burial purposes has been allotted by the Kingston Municipality (Jamaica) to the Salvation Army.

Adj. Blumeyer will be appointed to take charge of the new Rescue Home, which will be opened in a few days in Hamburg, Germany.

At Bridgetown, Admiral Sampson has given Staff-Capt. Widgey permission to conduct meetings on any of the ships of the United States Squadron at Barbados.

The People's Palace, Sydney, continues to be such a success that it has been found necessary to provide increased accommodation; so arrangements are now being made which, if carried into effect, will increase the sleeping accommodation for men by 200 beds.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS  
IN THE EAST.

Visit of Lieut.-Colonel Margetts in the East attended with grand success. Up to the present fifty souls have sought God. Glorious Sunday at St. John III, with twenty-five in the Fountain. Hallelujah!

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

## Oriental Observations.

My brother, if thou seekest the Lord, never open thy lips, but to pronounce His commandments.

Speak not, my brother, but to speak forth His praise.

Silence is the exercise of the wise.

In the multitude is the death of the soul.

The thought of God is the true food of the soul; the only medicine for the wounds of the heart.

Come, I will show thee what the world is like. It is like a phantom which a man sees in his sleep. And when he awakes no profit remains to him from his sweet illusion. So when death comes and wakes us from the dream of life, we carry away with us nothing of the good things we have enjoyed in this world.—Jengiz Khan.

TEMPLE, Toronto.—Since our last report we have been having some good thurs. Last Sunday was the Memorial Service of our late comrade, Sergt. Tommy Orr. Several comrades spoke very touchingly of the beautiful life of our comrade who had passed away. Good meetings all through the week. Tuesday night meetings led by our Commissioner, which will be reported elsewhere. Yesterday (Sunday) was another good day. In spite of other attractions, we had a good day. Three souls. Marches up to the ordinary. We are still fighting on.—W. P., R. C.

THE FIELD  
COMMISSIONER

WITH  
HER SOLDIERS.

Three City Corps Unite at the Temple to Listen to their Beloved Leader.

SEASONS OF BLESSING THAT MAKE RICH THE SOUL.

IN spite of the rain and chilly night, the soldiery of Riverside, Yorkville and the Temple corps turned out in goodly force, for to have Miss Booth with them is quite enough of an inducement to brave cold, rain and open street cars, at the risk of catching influenza, in the assurance of a rich feast to each soul. For, while we are proud of our tolling leader in the front of the battle on the public platform of a crowded meeting, when hundreds and thousands are swayed through her earnest and impetuous eloquence, and the force of her sympathy and zeal, which God has honored so often by the salvation of scores upon scores of souls, yet it is in her soldiers' meetings that her deep insight into the things of God and human nature, as well as her wide experience and capabilities as a leader is most strikingly felt, and her words of counsel, her explanations of Scripture and her personal concern to help, and to bless, and to lead forward in Divine knowledge, and to equip better for desperate warfare her soldiers, bring out her best forces of heart and brain.

## KEEP SINGING.

The Field Commissioner, previous to speaking on the text of the evening, had a chorus of Staff-Capt. Munton's sung over:

O the Love that sought me,  
O the Blood that bought me,  
O the Grace that brought me  
To His fold!

These excellent words, to a tune which hardly does them full credit, were sung over and over again. The Commissioner pointed out a great danger, against which we must guard continually, especially in our singing— that of doing things mechanically. We must put faith, and heart, and soul into our songs, so that they rise above the ceiling, pass through the clouds, and even leave behind them the stars and suns of the universe, until they reach the Throne of God. It is not the volume nor the quality of the voice, but the soul back of it all, that gives value to our singing in the sight of God.

## THE FOUNDATION ROCK.

The Commissioner spoke on the importance of obedience, as the foundation of all true service. Man's duty is no less than his best, and his best is no more than his duty. This epigram of Miss Booth formed the pivot of her brief address.

The great, important consideration is to make a right start. A wrong start will never lead to final spiritual success. We must come back to the right start.

Obedience is the first gate of the Christian's life on earth. To be in favor with God and a power among men, obedience must guide us right through life. Occasional sacrifice, however grand and magnificent, can never take the place of continual obedience. "To obey is better than sacrifice."

The Field Commissioner's words were listened to with profound attention. Every mind followed and appropriated from it gems of thought that will result in effecting a more joyous subordination to the will of God, and a more efficient service as soldiers of Jesus Christ.

We have never been so determined that by the blessing and guidance of God, the Commissioner shall find in us all, men and women who can be reckoned upon in the time of battle, and who are glad of the privilege of fighting under the leadership of such a devoted and honored commander as the Field Commissioner has proved herself, quite apart from the deep place she holds in our affection. One Who Listened.



### Father Potts, of Collingwood, Tells His Life Story.

I was born at Willow Keith, England, in the year 1841. My first drink was given to me by my father when I was only five years of age. At the age of 12 I ran away from home and came to Canada, and went to work with Mr. P., at Puelinoh, Ont. Here I first drank strong whiskey, and kept it up for some ten years. I had to leave my place and hire with a Mr. Mc., near Guelph. He was a professor of religion and kept liquor in the house. I went to the fair, got on a big spree, had a fight and had to get out and leave the place. I then came to Brimston Township, where I met a Miss Searrow, whom I married a short time afterwards. I rented a small place from a hotel keeper which proved very disastrous to myself and my wife. I managed to keep sober about three weeks after being married, when I broke out and came home drunk, which utterly broke my wife's heart. I had a general row with all who opposed me, and ran away. My poor wife, with a sad heart, followed me to Elora, where she met me coming out of my father's house. I wanted to pull her into the hotel, but



Father Potts, Collingwood.

she would not go. I had some words, not very choice, and she left and walked to Pergus at ten o'clock at night, saying with some friends. Next day we met again, and with a few things which we had, and filled with sorrow, we moved to Milmur. I had to sell the most of my things to get away, at least my wife did. I got along very well there, excepting care in a while getting drunk. We had four children. I was very cross and wicked with my family. They were all afraid of me. They then moved to Collingwood, where I now live. I rented a little house on the lake shore, with only one room and a little kitchen. I got in bad with company and drank and caroused often for weeks at a time, many a time all night long. When I came home the children would run away and hide. The dog would even get out of the way, and they would have to lock him up to save his life. I was coming home one day drunk and went into a neighbor's house and ran them all out, very shortly after doing the same thing again. All I became a terror to all who had anything to do with me. While here we had five more children, making a total of nine. My poor, dear wife had to struggle and fight to keep them all together, and worked very hard. I never would go inside of a church or any place of worship. One day the Salvation Army came along. My eldest daughter went to hear them and was very soon one of the number. She kept up to me till I went, and, glory to God, I soon felt the Spirit working in my heart. I came out and God took away all my sins. Capt. Crosby, now Mrs. Major Cooper, was in charge at that time. She did all she could to help me in the narrow way. I feel I have every reason to praise God for the S. A. I am a soldier and have been one for fifteen years. My dear family is grown up and we have moved out of the little house into the new, and instead of one home we have two, and they are one own. To God and the Salvation Army we owe our love.—John Potts.

### Mother Potts' History.

#### Fifteen Years a Soldier.

I was born near Guelph, Ont., in 1841. My mother and father belonged to the Methodist Church. I believe my mother was a good Christian woman and tried to lead her family in the right way; but, like many others, I wandered away from a mother's care, and went into the pleasures of the world. While sitting in a meeting one night the Spirit of God took hold of me, and I was led to seek God. I found Him, to the joy and satisfaction of my soul. I went on in this good way for some time, but in an evil hour I was tempted and fell and I put my Saviour to an open shame. I went on in my backslidden state for a long time. I married my husband, who was not a Christian, and I had no encouragement to do better. I began to think, and fell on my knees crying for God to help me and to have mercy on me, and took my Bible and read and prayed. It seemed all in vain. I began to think I was lost forever. Oh, the anguish and pain I suffered! Many bitter tears I shed through my disobedience. I was in this misery for a long time. At last I threw myself on my bed and cried, "I am lost! I am lost!" When I said "lost," the light broke in, and my burden rolled away. Hallelujah! My trouble did not end here. My husband turned out to be a drunkard. He was not very agreeable when under the influence of liquor. He would come home and beat the children, and even the dog would run, and I used to have to send the dog away so he would not kill it. He went on like that for a number of years, and I had to struggle and fight my way through. My husband never would go to church. At last along came the Salvation Army; it brought with it sunshine and love to my home. My oldest daughter went to see them and God saved her. She then got her father to go and see what the Army was like. God's Spirit took hold of him, and he quit the drink and tobacco, and has been a soldier now for over fifteen years. Apart from the little trials and difficulties of this life, which will only work out for me a more glorious entrance into the Kingdom, our home is a little heaven, compared to the time when drink and the devil used to run things. My only



Mother Potts, Collingwood.

desire is to see my dear friends and family all brought to see Jesus in His beauty. My daughter is saved, although in a foreign country. I am a soldier, and have been for over fifteen years, in Collingwood. My duty here is to look after the Grace-Before-Meat Boxes.—Mother Potts, W. C. R. C.

ST. CATHARINES.—Souls, souls! Hallelujah! A couple of weeks ago the Local Officers met together. We came to the conclusion that things should improve, and one of them was the operators. Capt. Williams has formed two brigades for the open-air meetings. No. 1 S. M. Piquette, assisted by our noble Secretary Bradley and half of the corps, and No. 2 P. S. M. Beall, assisted by J. S. Serg. Thompson and the other half of the corps. Thursday night No. 1 was on hand. In the prayer meeting out walked two backsliders (volunteers). Got thru through and two other prodigals came. Hallelujah! In the afternoon War Cry Brigade met and came to the conclusion that we should raise our order 15 copies, which will make us 225 War Crys. (Thank you—Ed.) The boomers are interested in their sales, and said how God had blessed them while selling War Crys. The Brigade is in a better standing than it has ever been. We are all determined to do our part.—J. B. Beall, R. C.



From Peareton Corps to a Heavenly Mansion.

It is with deepest sorrow that we announce the death of our beloved comrade, Bro. Carlton Hunter, who was so suddenly taken from our midst. While yet we mourn our loss, we rejoice in knowing that his peace was made with God. He was taken suddenly ill with a severe attack of appendicitis, on Thursday, April 13th. The following Monday, at 11 o'clock p.m., his spirit took flight to the realms of joy above. During his short illness, he suffered severe pain, but was never heard to murmur. As he was leaving his home for the hospital, Montreal, where he was to undergo an operation (which was the only chance of his recovery) his last words were to the friends he left behind, "It's all right, friends, whether I live or die, I am ready. Thank God!" To another of his comrades he said, "Fight on, Bro. Kennedy, and meet me in heaven." After reaching the hospital all hope of his recovery was given up. His friends who watched by his bedside until the last heard him repeat over and over again his faith in God. Soon after this his spirit took its flight. His remains were conveyed to his home on Tuesday, April 18th. The funeral took place on Wednesday, 19th inst. He was a faithful servant of Jesus Christ during the few months of his conversion. He was an example to all. Greatest sympathy is extended to his bereaved mother and all his sorrowing friends.—Lieut. G. Lindlow.

### His Sufferings Over.

#### A Tilt Cove Comrade Promoted.

Death has visited us again. This time it has taken away Robert Thomas, who was a sufferer for about five years. He was saved about two years ago at Little Bay, under Capt. E. Mercer. I visited him many times while he was sick, and always found him with a bright testimony. A few hours before he died he told me to tell all the people around the grave that he was gone to heaven. On Feb. 16th, the death angel came at 9 p.m. and took his spirit away. On Feb. 19th we gave him a proper Army funeral. Around the open grave we all pledged ourselves to be faithful to God and meet our comrade in heaven. The memorial service at night was a blessed time, when two souls came out and sought salvation. May God bless the bereaved ones, be the prayer of our hearts.—Eugene Cooper.

### She was Ready.

#### Comrade Edna Bradley Come Home.

Our beloved comrade, Edna Bell Bradley, passed to a higher life Wednesday morning, May 2nd. Our sister was con-



Edna Bradley.

verted in the Salvation Army, February, 1897, and enrolled as a soldier the following May. She was a faithful War Cry Sergeant until last autumn, when ill health prevented further work. The funeral services were held in the Baptist Church. She leaves a beloved father and sister to mourn her departure. The memorial services were held in the S. A. barracks, where the comrades all testified to her faithfulness in life and the assurance of her welcome to the Christian's home. Her body was like a tender flower, crushed by cruel disease, but her spirit was brave and strong and still lives on.—C. E. R., Lisbon, North Dakota.

## For God and Souls.

WOODSTOCK comrades are not dead, but all alive, and souls are seeking their Saviour. Commenced yesterday's fight at seven a.m., and wound up at half-past ten p.m., with three backsliders at the Cross. We gave God all the glory.—Lieut. Kitchen, for Esplanade.

DILLON, Mont.—Sinner last report we have said farewell to Capt. Miller and Lieut. Nesbit, and we say, "God be with you till we meet again." We have also welcomed in our midst Esplanade Man and Lieut. Louis Soldiers. All determined to do their best for God and souls.—Reg. Cor. T. C. Swales.

MONTREAL 11.—Saturday night Capt. Jones was welcomed to the Point. Sunday was the crowning time. Colonel Margetts was with us all day and we had a blessed time. Couldn't tell you on a post card all about it, but God helped the Colonel and made him a blessing to us all. Three open-air on Sunday, real good times, but no souls would come to God. The Colonel can be sure of a welcome to the Point whenever he comes.—W. G. H. C.

BEAR RIVER.—Thank God, we are again able to report victory. We are receiving many rich blessings from our Father in heaven. We feel that we can say with good old David, "Our soul shall make her boast in the Lord. The humble shall hear thereof and be glad." Four precious souls and one for a deeper work of grace, is the number we count this week. We love the Army very much here in Bear River, and we all say together, "God bless our thoughtful General for starting the ball rolling." Amen!—Edward Morline.

ATHORA.—We had Bishop Barrows with us on Monday and Tuesday. His visit was indeed a blessing to us all. The lantern service on Tuesday was indeed the best yet. On Saturday afternoon our dear young brother, Eddie Pencock, passed away to be with Jesus. Although only sixteen, Eddie had proved for nearly five years God's power to save and keep. He had only been a short time in Athora, and in that time had won many friends. We had all learned to love him very much. He was so patient and gave such a clear testimony that he was fully trusting Jesus. He was taken to Peterboro for internment. On Sunday night we saw two souls seeking pardon and peace. Praise God, they found it.—M. Mainland, Capt.

TEESWATER.—Saturday afternoon Mrs. McLeod, the writer and little Pearl started for Teeswater on our wheels. Arriving there we were met by War Cry Sergeant Bond, and together we proceeded to the home of Father Irwin, which was thrown open for our reception. After doing justice to the good supper we went to the Town Hall, where we were met by Bandmaster Cantlon. With organ, cornet, mandolin and two autoharp, we entered the Royal Hotel, the sitting room being placed at our disposal by the open-hearted landlord, and for a few minutes the hotel resounded with salvation music and song, which was apparently much appreciated, one gentleman throwing us 50 cents for "home-made good." As he came in, "Spice will not pervert going into details, but suffice it to say we had large and attentive audiences and good financial returns. On Sunday night Bandmaster Cantlon related his thrilling experience which we believe will prove a great blessing. Monday morning finds us back in Wingham to push the war for God and the S. A.—T. H. McLeod, Capt.



LISBON—Capt. Mercer 21st. Crowns C. E. R. MINNED crowds are ing. Crys a fountain. Hettingshu

PORT unavailing keeping up last report for which

RIDGET ing last Wingham, fre day night Kille Wat

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HOUL 14th. L corps. I many sion pardon. all week Capt. at their h Corps C

NORT Saturday, on, who short fu precious Splendid Sydney Last S which we believe will prove a great blessing. Monday morning finds us back in Wingham to push the war for God and the S. A.—T. H. McLeod, Capt.



## Food and Souls.

The chain of destiny leads him who obeys, but drags him who resists it.—  
Madame Swetchine.

## MOSES' CONVERSION

## The Story of a Black Disciple.

[illegible]

## That's Your Reputation, Lord!

And I believe you for the sake of your great noise to show mercy and not judgement." And so I cried and plodded dare on the ground. Then the Lord appeared to me in a dream, and said, "I have heard you, and I have sent my hand to you. But he didn't reach it out flat-ways, as though he had any bread of life to give my hungry soul. 'Times he hadn't come yet for dirt. But he was always ready to take it. He always turned towards me. And if that hand had been a sharp two-edged sword, it couldn't cut me open quicker'n it did; separate the deints and de merrins, and my heart would have been torn out. I never dreamed what a heap of blackness dare was in that heart till that mornin'. But just den I heard a mighty noise, which made me rise up and look for the Lord. And I heard what's that rumbling? And He says, 'Dat's your sins a-fallin' into hell. Then quicker'n I can tell, He reached out His hand ag'in, so kinder soft, and said, 'You're a good boy, and I'll leave a rent or a seam or a sore place in my heart, and He says to me, 'Son, be so, be so, which is many, is forgiveness. Then den I knowed I'd been born ag'in, and I was a new man, and a new way, and all things become new."

**Happified, was I?**

From de rising of de sun to de going  
down of de same dat day, it 'peared  
like I was in heben, n-standin' on de  
sea of glass, wid de harp ob God in my  
hand, and gouden slippers on my feet,  
sagin' de song ob Moses and de Lamb.  
"From dat day I's been good dead  
surer I's bor'd agin, dan I am dat I  
was bor'd de first time; for I can't  
nowise remember my first brili, but  
de second I'll remember for all etern-  
ity, and nev'er cease to praise de Lamb  
dat redeemed me.

"Dat's my experience. Some folks don't believe it, but I knows it, for it's what I's tasted and seen."

## Sweepings.

The final report from Newfoundland on Siege results shows 1,400 souls saved, out of which number 518 were enrolled as soldiers during the Siege enrolment.

—X—  
 "Jerusalem the golden,  
 With milk and honey blest,  
 Beneath thy contemplation  
 Sink heart and voice oppressed,  
 I know not, oh! I know not  
 What joys await us there,  
 What radiance of glory,  
 What bliss beyond compare!"

—x—  
The Commissioner's soldiers' meetings are exceedingly appreciated by her Toronto troops; these times are indeed, rich seasons of blessing and tangible, spiritual advance.

Adj. Blackburn dropped into our office a day ago; he looks younger than ever and reports progress at Port Hope.

**Major Turner**  
FROM SE

One never knows what is going to happen next, and that no one expected the officers, Staff-Captain and his wife, would receive their guests at the evening, and after tea, to say good-by to the ladies.

After we had packed the things provided by the Brigadier, Howell, in saying how much he appreciated the departure of the men, mentioned that we had been together in perfect harmony before he called on Adjts. L. and I to say a few words; a few words from me, who exhorted all to leave and to do as they had said about the men, and express leaving the west. I had a few more words to say that the depar-

Captain and Mrs. nature of a sacrificial  
On Sunday night  
farewell meeting.  
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Staff-Captain's vo-  
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by Mrs. Turner  
wishing them God-  
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lors, Staff-Capt.  
told of their year  
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## Recognizing th

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## BOOK

Food for Lamb  
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## Blinking Tips.

which centres in Christ is center and circumference. It is both deeper and broader, deeper and broader, and thus most certainly broadens every soul fixed

the aspiration and purification. It is safe to see of acceptance with

of demanded His share arising from your use of us let you; what would

on with us brought Him our union with Him be throne. See that this

of Christian that seeks the theatre, dance, or like a foolish man who table to seek for cold fuel people have no use

face to which some have d, and from which not have fallen.

Test of Love.

not a matter of feeling, feeling in connection and again there may be emotion, sensation, is ornament; it is strong and weak in another, it peculiar make-up of But true love is of the will, of the inner; it is ways and dominions and conduct of the love is to hold ever ready to act for true interests and well-being to one's present mother who has most throne to her child is the mother who loves indeed, be less loving and emotion. So with wife. So with a pat-ty. The true measure of purpose and conduct is loving one with re- one loved, not in the of or emotion about it, our fellows, so with is not a question it is a question of one's day by day, living times.

## Climb Over.

"I sold a prominent church, 'I was helped Hamilton, who visited I was. Taking me said: 'My boy, kneel in his help. But never once into the devil's kneel down and ask God's side of the

be, 'I have thought life since.' remarked, 'Randolph is to Persia, help me.' Said he: 'I feel thankful when

tell Him so? know that I have, y young friend; try I so; tell Him aloud; on can hear it your-

now revelation. I only been glad, not been telling Him lngs ever since, to comfort."

that there are two earth side and the stars that go out comes do not stop other eyes in some to glad by them-

## Major Turner's Farewell

FROM SPOKANE.

One never knows in the S. A. what is going to happen next, and I am sure that no one expected that our Chancellors, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Turner, would receive their farewell orders. But the fatal telegram arrived one evening, and after a while the officers found themselves at a farewell tea, to say good-bye to our dear comrades.

After we had partaken of the good things provided by Ensign Stevens, Brigadier Lowell opened the meeting by saying how much he regretted the departure of the staff-Captain, and mentioned that during the time they had been together there had been perfect harmony between them. He then called on Adjts. Langtry and Dodd to say a few words; and then we had a few words from the Staff-Captain, who commended all that the Brigadier had said about the relations between them, and expressed his sorrow at leaving the west. The Brigadier then had a few more words in closing, saying that the departure of the Staff-Captain and Mrs. Turner was in the nature of a sacrifice to him.

On Sunday night we had the final farewell meeting. The Brigadier spoke a few words in appreciation of the Staff-Captain's work, and made especial mention to the prison visiting duty by Mrs. Turner and concluded by wishing them good-speed. He announced the name of the new Chancellors, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Gage, and told of their years of faithful service under the flag, and predicted for them a most successful stay in the west. Staff-Capt. Turner then read a few verses from the Bible and said a few words of farewell. We assembled at the depot to say good-bye to the late Chancellors. God bless them abundantly is the prayer of—Columbus.

## Recognizing the Lord's Presence.

When you meet a friend on the street, and he recognizes you, you always return the bow, unless you wish rudely and intentionally to repulse him. This is the secret of enjoying the Lord's presence. Recognize His presence, and He will respond. Recognize Him in your heart, and He will respond from your heart. Many persons are waiting for the Lord to reveal Himself, but they themselves never recognize His presence in them. "Know ye not," says the apostle Paul, "that ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost, which is within you?" Recognize this fact. Speak to Him in your heart, and He will respond to you. Call to the dear Name: wait in silence for Him to speak from within, and sweet and quick as the echo will come the answering whisper of love, "Here am I." A. B. Simpson.

## BOOK REVIEW.

Food for Lambs, or, Winning Children to Christ, by Rev. A. M. Hill, author of "Holiness and Power." Published by M. W. Knapp, Revivalist office, Cheltenham, O. 80 cents.

This is not a book of unmeaning baby talk so disgusting to bright children and young people. The author, who, as a practical evangelist, has led thousands of children and young people to Christ, aims at children from eleven to thirteen years of age; yet so illustrating truth that children of seven or eight years can understand. The book is intended to be used by the parent or teacher at stated intervals once or twice a week. There are two pieces of music for each of the seventeen chapters, and pointed questions at the close, like any text-book in the public schools.

The book teaches by thrilling illustrations just why God wants all to give their hearts to Him in early life, and explains how to come to Christ, and, if prayerfully used, will bring the children to the Saviour. It contains fine reproductions of the great masterpieces of sacred art. Aside from the religious uses for which the book was prayerfully designed, it is literally an artistic gem.



## Mrs. Brigadier Marshall's Mother Promoted to Glory,

"Praise God, All is Well."

Death has recently visited the home of one of our oldest soldiers, Father Ketch, and has taken his wife home. She had been a sufferer for years, and looked forward for a long time to the day when she would lay down the cross and take the crown. We shall miss her words of cheer, but I think her dying words should be a cheer to everyone who may read them. They were, "Praise God, all is well." The deceased was the mother of Mrs. Brigadier Marshall. We offer Father Ketch our heart-felt condolence. May God be his strength in the loss of his life's companion.—Capt. Fisher.

## Mother Schram, of Brantford,

Promoted from a World of Care and Pain to a Land of Rest.

On Tuesday, April 25th, the chariot lowered and dear Mother was asked to step in and ride up to the mansion prepared for her on high. She was 73 years old. When only a girl of 13 the voice of God spoke to her, and she yielded to the Spirit's strivings. Since that time she has been a bold soldier of the Cross. The Bible was the book of books, so often you would find her pondering o'er its pages. About 10 years ago, when Colonel Dowdle visited this country, he was leading some special meetings and Gail, and as she listened she felt it was the old-time religion resurrected, and at once she took her stand as a soldier, putting on the uniform. On account of her age she could not do much, but was a true, brave spirit until the last.

Treas. Benefact, of the Brantford corps, was very much attached to the old lady. She lived some months in his home. He attended the funeral and took part. She died at her daughter's about six miles from Tilsonburg. There was no chance to arrange for an Army funeral, which she would have liked. The funeral was very impressive. While they sang her favorite song, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," there was scarce a dry eye in the little church. The presence of her God was felt.

Another faithful comrade has gone and another spirit has joined the ever-lasting song above. May God abundantly bless their loved ones who are left behind, and help them to make straight paths for the kingdom above. Yours to enter in, T. Coombs, Adj.

## Two Gone from Yarmouth.

Now with Jesus.

Two of our comrades, Brother James and his sister, Mrs. George Allen, the son and daughter of Treas. and Mrs. Allen, have passed away to be with Jesus. Brother Allen has for a long

time been suffering from consumption, but at the last the call came very suddenly. He left the testimony behind that it was all right—he was just waiting for the call. The funeral services were conducted by Capt. Percy, and between forty and fifty comrades marched from the barracks to the cemetery.

About eight days after her brother's promotion, Mrs. Allen also received the summons from the Master. When asked how it was with her soul, she answered, "I am trusting in Jesus. The Lord gives, and the Lord receives." The memorial service was held Sunday evening. It was largely attended, and five professed to find salvation.—A. E. H.

## A Faithful Comrade Translated

From Stratford to the Glory Land.

"She's gone, the loved and cherished one. Like some bright star she passed away; Death claimed its victim as she sank. Calm as the sun's expiring ray."

Such were our feelings as we gathered round the grave and laid away the remains of our beloved comrade, Mrs. Nell. Her career as a soldier had been long enough to show her bravery and love for the cause of Christ. Her oldest son, Christopher, had been converted about four years ago, and amidst the trials that a soldier meets, both at home and outside, he stuck to his post, and was, after two years of service, gratified to see his mother and father, one brother and two sisters, savedly converted to Christ, all being, for over a year, soldiers of the corps here, and the mother, on her dying bed, could thank God that all the family, but one, were on the narrow way. Her death was somewhat unexpected, no one thinking that so soon she was going to be taken from us. As the spirit was slipping away, she was heard to say faintly, "Blood of Jesus," and through the efficacy of that blood her soul, made free, winged its way to the realms of the blest.

The funeral service was very impressive, a great crowd assembling at the house and the grave to pay the last respect to our comrade. Adj. Hughes conducted the service, and many a tear fell from men and women who came to look on, especially was this the case when Christopher stepped out at the grave and gave his testimony. Other testimonies were given at the grave, touching on the duty, and love, and inspiration of our sister, T. Hughes, Adj.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer; Next day the fatal precedent will plead.

Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life!

Procrastination is the thief of time; Year after year it steals, till all are fled.

And to the merecres of an moment leaves The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

—Young.



## COMING EVENTS.

## BRIGADIER MRS. READ

will visit

Monday, Sat., Sun. and Mon., June 10, 11 and 12.

## Whereabouts of Financial Specialists.

ADJ. WISEMAN.

Toronto, Thursday, June 1st, to Wednesday, June 7th.

ENSIGN PUGH.

Montreal, Thursday, June 1st, to Wednesday, June 7th.

ENSIGN CUMMINS.

Vancouver, Thursday, June 1st, to Wednesday, June 7th.

ENSIGN BURROWS.

Gore Bay, Friday, June 2nd, to Little Current, Saturday, June 3rd, to Wednesday, June 7th.

ENSIGN COLLIER.

Drayton, Thursday, June 1st, to Guelph, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, June 2nd, 3rd, 4th.

Rockwood, Monday, June 5th, to Berlin, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 6th, 7th.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Campbellton, Thursday, June 1st, to Tread, Friday, June 2nd, Belleville, Sat., Sun., Mon., June 3rd, 4th, 5th.

Kingston, Tuesday, June 6th, to Sunbury, Wednesday, June 7th.

ENSIGN FERRY.

Regina, Thursday, Friday, June 1st, 2nd, Moose Jaw, Saturday, Sunday, June 3rd, 4th.

Medicine Hat, Monday, June 5th, to Calgary, Wednesday, June 7th.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Hallfax, Thursday, June 1st, to Monday, June 5th.

## MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; left out, and as far as possible, send wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangelist Booth, 16 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioners if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First insertion.)

MR. and MRS. BACH. Relonged to the S. A. in England. Money waiting for them. Address Enquiry, Toronto.



Mother very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

JOSIAH P. MOORE. Last heard of two years ago, was in Rossland, B. C. 35 years of age, height 5 ft. 10 in., grey eyes, black hair and eyebrows. Information wanted, dead or alive, by his wife. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

W. H. WHITE. In 1894 was in Stratford, Ont. Age between 25 and 30 years. Important, alive or dead.

HAMILTON, James, Thomas, Paul, Samuel, George, Nicholas, and John Robert, also any of their sisters. Were living in New Glasgow, N. S., and have not been heard from for over 30 years. Supposed to be in the U. S. A. May possibly be in Canada. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

McADAM, JOHN. Last known address, 20 years ago, c/o Mrs. Smith, 112 Nazareth St., Montreal, Que. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

# Hustlers' Rendezvous.

The Week's Barometer Indicates "No Change."

A NOTE ON SALOON VISITATION.

Puzzle, Find the Boomer!

CAPTAIN HELLMAN STILL THE CHAMPION.

There is nothing like "booming" to cheer me to-day, I'll take fifty War Crys and hasten away To spread the glad message of pardon and grace In every saloon to be found in the place.

The above is poetry. I could do even better if I tried hard, but I don't think I could ever improve on the sentiment. If I were an artist, I would devote myself to the depiction of such a scene as to be seen every Saturday afternoon all over this Territory, when our gallant boomers "storm the forts of darkness," and bombard the saloons with the War Cry. I venture to say that the production would call forth the admiration of all beholders. It seems to me that for real courage and daring, commend me not to Kitchener of Khartoum, or Dewey or Manila Bay, but to our War Cry boomers who "beat the lion in his den."

The inevitable has again happened. Arch comes in first, closely followed by Mag, who is in turn rushed close by Nigger. My faith rises high for a complete round-about soon. I have seen Major Turner of the Central. He wears a knowing smirk. So does the worthy P. O. Beigault Gaskin. Nigger will again be showing his heels to the field before long.

A wall from London re the weekly list this:

"The boomers' list will be on hand tomorrow without fail. Everything upside down here—cleaning, papering, painting, etc. Very busy. God bless you.—Staff-Capt. Phillips."

I am pleased to notice the interest and anxiety manifested. All right, Staff-Captain. I hope it arrives in time. The W. O. P. leads the field, and seems to have staying powers. (Later.—The list has arrived.)

Chick, Maine, a new opening, starts the ball rolling with ordering 100 Crys and 20 Young Soldiers. When Queen Elizabeth of England was dying she exclaimed, "When I'm dead you'll find Chula written on my heart." If our own Chula will only rise I'm sure it will make a lasting impression on mine.

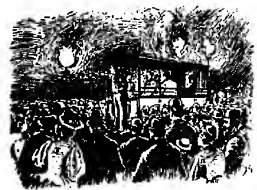


SCENE, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby and Euphemia Willoughby. Time 12:30 p.m. ADOLPHUS to EUPHEMIA: "I wonder, dearest Euphemia, how much longer your ma will sit there reading that War Cry. I wish she would retire."

I am pleased to notice the name of Sister Mirey, of St. John, N. B., once more among the War Cry boomers. Room away, comrade.

Capt. Hellman, of Brantford, still bears the palm as the Champion Hustler. Her record of 270 is still untouched. I find that other boomers have, in days gone by, sold over this number, and I am sure they can do it again. Let's have some during rises.

Don't think we're forgetting all about our boomers' special issue. Not a little bit. We are quietly and most tentatively (you'll find the meaning of this on page 1247 of the Standard Dictionary) getting together a choice number of illustrations, photos and articles. It will bloom forth shortly.



How they Admired their Rheumatism Cure.

Puzzle: Find the War Cry Sergeant. (Note.—The War Cry Sergeant isn't there. What a burning shame!—Ed.)

## WEST ONTARIO.

62 Boomers.

CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford	270
MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock	225
LIET. CARR, Windsor	125
LIET. FIFE, Clinton	125
LIET. HORWORTH, Petrolia	110
Ensign Ottaway, Guelph	85
Capt. Clark, London	80
Capt. Coe, Guelph	80
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia	80
Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg	80
Sergt. Major St. Rock, Chatham	80
Capt. Stote, Hespeier	80
LIET. Burrows, Wallaceburg	80
Mrs. Dickson, St. Thomas	75
LIET. Pickle, St. Thomas	75
Ensign Scott, Galt	75
Capt. Houldmont, Stratford	70
Capt. Freeman, Ingersoll	60
LIET. Copeman, Senfouth	60
Sister Butts, London	60
Sergt. D. Bond, Wingham	60
Sister Pickle, Leamington	60
Cambridge Carley, Ridgeway	60
LIET. Ringley, Wingham	60
LIET. Sliger, Dresden	60
Sister H. Foster, Petrolia	60
Sergt. Allan, Mitchell	60
Sister Mrs. Golding, Stratford	60
Adj. McAmmond, London	60
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, London	60
Capt. McCutcheon, Ridgeway	60
Sister M. Ross, Goderich	60
Sergt. G. Yeomans, Chatham	60
Capt. Rees, Norwich	60
LIET. Smith, Galt	60
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	60
Sergt. P. Brindley, Goderich	60
Capt. Howcroft, Forest	60
LIET. Sticksels, Forest	60
Sergt. Major Dearling, Hespeier	60
Sister I. Thompson, Sarnia	60
Capt. Haley, Bayfield	60
Sister M. Ross, Goderich	60
Sergt. Adam Crocker, Stratford	60
Mrs. Adj. Hughes, Stratford	60
Sergt. Mrs. Graham, Thamesville	60
Capt. McDonald, Dwyton	60
Capt. Liston, Watford	60
Sister E. Quick, Strathroy	60
Sister Melton, Strathroy	60
LIET. Hurl, Theiford	60
LIET. Jordison, Essex	60
Adj. Coombs, Brantford	60
LIET. Munford, Listowell	60
Sec. Mrs. Harris, London	60
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin	60
Mrs. Ensign McKee, Windsor	60
Sister Bonhillard, Chatham	60
Mrs. Laird, Essex	60
Sister McQuinn, Blenheim	60
Sergt. Erb, Berlin	60
P. S. M. Mrs. Noe, Ingersoll	60
LIET. Hodgson, Goderich	60

Bro. Christopher, Dresden	21
Sister M. Ryckman, Norwich	20
Sister Schmidt, Paris	20
Sister Orchard, Palmerston	20
Capt. Pym, Palmerston	20
Capt. Boomp, Bothwell	20
LIET. Winter, Bothwell	20
Cadet Jacklin, London	20
Sergt. Mrs. Butler, London	20
Sister Copius, St. Thomas	20
Sister McQueen, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Crawford, Dresden	20
Mrs. Mellroy, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Huntington, Blenheim	20
Sister Hills, Blenheim	20
Mrs. McAffery, Blenheim	20
Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	20
LIET. Crawford, Bayfield	20
Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Wingham	20

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

86 Hustlers.

LIET. BROOKETS, Ottawa	200
CAPT. LAJONDE, St. Johnsbury	165
CAPT. WILSON, Newport	130
CAPT. CREGO, Gananoque	115
CAPT. WILLIAMS, St. Albans	105
LIET. SYMONDS, St. Albans	105
JENNIE BLOSS, Pembroke	100
S. M. PERKINS, Barre	100
Capt. French, Peterboro	95
LIET. Allmark, Brockville	95
LIET. Butcher, Renfrew	95
LIET. Goodwin, Ottawa	85
S. M. Simmons, Kingston	84
Capt. Combers, Arnprior	80
Capt. O'Neill, Morrisburg	80
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	80
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	75
LIET. Williams, Kempsville	75
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal	70
Ensign Stalger, Belleville	70
Capt. Jones, Burlington	70
LIET. Woods, Napanee	68
Capt. McIntyre, Renfrew	60
Sergt. Thomson, Belleville	60
S. M. Downey, Kingston	60
Capt. Downey, Montreal	60
LIET. Crozier, Trenton	60
Capt. Nyland, Campbellford	60
Ensign Sims, Pictou	60
Capt. Norman, Napanee	60
Capt. Greene, Tweed	60
Sister Douglas, Pictou	60
Sister Phelps, Pictou	60
Adj. Ogilvie, Sherbrooke	60
Capt. Brown, Perth	60
LIET. Liddell, Perth	60
Sister Mrs. Stone, Lakeside	60
LIET. Launde, Sherbrooke	60
Capt. Vance, Deseronto	60
LIET. Randall, Belleville	60
Sister Mrs. I. Barber, Burlington	60
Mrs. Adj. Blackburn, Port Hope	60
Bro. Mann, Barre	60
Capt. Banks, Quebec	60
Capt. Gross, Brighton	60
LIET. McFarlane, Colaburg	60
Capt. Crozier, Montreal	60
Ensign Kendall, Quebec	60
Capt. Huxtable, Brockville	60
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	60
LIET. Yake, Millbrook	60
Capt. Tuck, Millbrook	60
Sergt. Callingsworth, Montreal	60
Capt. Finlay, Montpelier	60
Adj. Blackburn, Port Hope	60
Sergt. Mortice, Cornwall	60
Capt. Patton, Conitooke	60
Sister Samman, Montreal	60
Bro. Shaver, Montreal	60
Capt. Bearshall, Deseronto	60
Sister Ross, Montreal	60
LIET. Burich, Conitooke	60
S. M. Phillips, Barre	60
LIET. Gahn, Bozeman	60
Capt. Zieharth, Kallispell	60
LIET. Long, Dillon	60
Capt. Bailey, Missoula	60
LIET. Zieharth, Kallispell	60
Sister Powell, New Whitcomb	60
Capt. Perrenoud, Nainima	60
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	60
Sister Davidson, New Westminster	60
Capt. Thoen, Spokane	60
LIET. Floyd, Missoula	60
Ensign Zieharth, New Westminster	60
Capt. Krell, Nainima	60
Sister Carver, Butte	60
Sergt. Glen, Helena	60
LIET. Morris, Revelstoke	60
Bro. Rausman, Revelstoke	60
Sister Berry, New Whitcomb	60
LIET. Jones, M. Vernon	60
Sister Walander, Rosalia	60
Sister Mann, Vancouver	60
Capt. Scott, Spokane	60
Sister Bliss, Spokane	60
Bro. Smith, Rosalia	60
Sister White, Nainima	60
LIET. Nesbitt, Butte	60
Sister Little, Victoria	60

## CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

79 Hustlers.

SISTER PEARCE, Temple	160
Capt. Mokahmouga, Collingwood	90
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton	80
Capt. Charlton, Owen Sound	70
Sergt. Bowser, Lindsay	65
Capt. Williams, St. Catharines	60
Capt. Stilliker, Riverside	60
Sister Case, Hamilton	60
Bro. Dixon, Temple	60

LIET. Doles, Orillia	35
Cadet Calvert, Richmond St.	35
Capt. Stephens, North Bay	30
LIET. McLennan, North Bay	30
Cadet Lebars, Hamilton	30
Capt. White, Oshawa	30
Capt. White, Huntsville	30
Capt. Bloss, West Toronto	30
Capt. Sherwin, Sudbury	45
Cadet Cook, Lippincott	45
Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, Lindsay	45
Cadet Harman, Richmond St.	45
Capt. Wiggins, Lindsay	45
LIET. Bond, Sudbury	40
Capt. Clifton, Orillia	40
Capt. Rivers, Orillia	40
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines	40
LIET. Hoover, Parry Sound	40
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville	30
Capt. Rowe, Newmarket	35
LIET. Meeks, Newmarket	35
Cadet Trickey, Richmond St.	35
P. S. M. Bond, St. Catharines	35
Capt. Hoover, Parry Sound	35
Capt. Reanne, Menford	35
LIET. Craig, Menford	35
Capt. Rogers, Orillia	35
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	35
Cadet Yandaw, Lippincott	35
Mrs. Capt. McClelland, Midland	35
Sister Taylor, Hamilton	35
Mother Stanton, Chatham	35
LIET. Jackson, Huntsville	35
LIET. Young, Kilmont	35
LIET. Liddard, Collingwood	35
S. M. Hunter, Newmarket	35
Capt. Gammage, Little Current	35
LIET. Huskins, Little Current	35
Capt. Nelson, Exbridge	35
LIET. Wadge, Exbridge	35
Capt. Wiseman, Oakville	35
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	35
Sergt. Shelly, Lindsay	35
Ensign Fox, Lascar St.	35
Sergt. Howell, Riverside	35
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton	35
Sister Danversville, Hamilton	35
Sergt. Bond, Hamilton	35
Ensign Geo. Hamilton	35
Ensign Wynn, Riverside	35
Bro. Gooda, Social Farm	35
LIET. Tyros, St. Catharines	35
Capt. Welch, Dovercourt	35
Capt. Kivich, Dovercourt	35
Sergt. Donaldson, Lascar St.	35
Cadet Hart, Lippincott	35
S. M. Courtenay, Norland	35
Cadet Knechtel, Lippincott	35
Bro. Curran, Hamilton	35
Capt. O'Neil, Fenelon Falls	35
Cadet Patterson, Lippincott	35
LIET. Lander, Lascar St.	35
Sister Richards, St. Catharines	35
Capt. Redburn, Riverside	35
Sergt. McLaughlin, Temple	35
Sister Bailey, Hamilton	35
LIET. Sickle, Chesley	35
Bro. Doni, Sudbury	35
Sergt. Simpson, Yorkville	35
Sergt. Gray, Midland	35

## PACIFIC PROVINCE.

40 Hustlers.

CAPT. HAAS, Rossland	15
CAPT. GOODING, Victoria	15
LIET. TRACEY, Anacosta	15
MRS. CARY, BROWN, Lewiston	15
CAPT. NOTT, Billings	15
LIET. ELLISON, Vancouver	15
LIET. Lawli, Helena	15
Sister Lewis, Victoria	15
LIET. Betts, Kamloops	15
Mrs. Capt. Cook, Kato	15
LIET. Lloyd, Butte	15
Capt. Quinn, Trail	15
LIET. Gahn, Bozeman	15
Capt. Zieharth, Kallispell	15
LIET. Long, Dillon	15
Capt. Bailey, Missoula	15
LIET. Zieharth, Kallispell	15
Sister Powell, New Whitcomb	15
Capt. Perrenoud, Nainima	15
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	15
Sister Davidson, New Westminster	15
Capt. Thoen, Spokane	15
LIET. Floyd, Missoula	15
Ensign Zieharth, New Westminster	15
Capt. Krell, Nainima	15
Sister Carver, Butte	15
Sergt. Glen, Helena	15
LIET. Morris, Revelstoke	15
Bro. Rausman, Revelstoke	15
Sister Berry, New Whitcomb	15
LIET. Jones, M. Vernon	15
Sister Walander, Rosalia	15
Sister Mann, Vancouver	15
Capt. Scott, Spokane	15
Sister Bliss, Spokane	15
Bro. Smith, Rosalia	15
Sister White, Nainima	15
LIET. Nesbitt, Butte	15
Sister Little, Victoria	15

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

61 Hustlers.

SERG. MIREY, St. John	200
CAPT. GOODWIN, Collingwood	185
EMILY WHITE, Hamilton	125
CAPT. WHITE, St. John	110
LIET. RICHARDS, St. Stephen	100

CAPT. THOMAS	100
Cadet Uppaham	100
LIET. Smith, 1	100
Cadet Ebsary	100
Cadet Lebars	100
Capt. Bradbury	100
P. S. M. Warren	100
Cadet Smith, 1	100
Adj. Byers, N	100
Sergt. Maybee	100
Mrs. Ensign F	100
P. S. M. Morris	100
Capt. Piercy, Y	100
Sergt. Kenting	100
Sergt. Anderson	100
Sergt. Virgil, S	100
LIET. Meikle	100
Capt. Knight	100
Mrs. Capt. Kn	100
Sergt. William	100
Ensign Wright	100
Sergt. Read, S	100
Capt. Horwood	100
Sec. Pike, Nor	100
Capt. Clark, 1	100
Sergt. Pettis	100
Sister Lyons	100
Sister Pollock	100
Sister Dakin	100
Sergt. Matthew	100
Sister Sugden	100
Capt. Davies	100
Bro. McEache	100
Sec. Churchill	100
Capt. Sabine	100
Sergt. Major S	100
Sister Englan	100
LIET. Tudge	100
Sister Lebars	100
Cadet Rhiniv	100
LIET. Mowbr	100
Sergt. Melow	100
Sergt. Melvor	100
Ensign Crich	100
Sister Stacey	100
Sister Missgr	100

## NORTH.

CADET POT	100
ENSIGN DE	100
LIET. Anders	100
LIET. Russell	100
LIET. Fergus	100
LIET. Lloyd	100
Mrs. Capt. K	100
Capt. Hurst	100
LIET. Clark	100
LIET. McCou	100
LIET. Wick	100
LIET. Ashk	100
Sergt. M. Ch	100
Ensign Thyl	100
Cadet M. Mo	100
LIET. Hange	100
Frank Rogers	100
Capt. Smith	100
Capt. Pearce	100
Capt. Camp	100
LIET. Blant	100
Ensign Hays	100
Sergt. F. Ch	100
Capt. Myers	100
Cadet Cook	100
Capt. Mece	100
Mrs. W. A	100
Sergt. John	100
Sergt. Pent	100
Capt. Jarvis	100
LIET. N. A	100
Capt. Myers	100

## A VI

VICTORIA have fatew are very s them. Adj in the corp liked very them here. God will they do. T souvenir of

## IMP

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## IF SO, the

## your service

## present office

## Address you

## Major A. Sence

## A small fee, 50



# A Good Shepherd:

OR,

## What a Salvation Army Captain Should Be.

### CHAPTER III.

I will now pass on to May 1st, for this is the day when all the beasts, as well as the sheep, are placed under my charge—mostly about 100 of them. These are divided into small lots, and placed in the fields with the sheep. Now these, with the sheep, number about 700, and all these sheep and beasts have to be counted and seen to before I have my breakfast in the morning, and if there is one missing, either a beast or a sheep, or even a little lamb, it has to be found before I leave them.

From the end of March till the middle of May is the easiest time that I have through the year, as from the middle of May the sheep are subject to maggots—that is, as soon as these large flies come that know the men, they also blow maggots into the living sheep.

Dear Sir, you know the flies are sent by God to destroy all stinking things, so that we may have pure air to breathe, and the flies find out every stinking thing and place, and what they cannot eat, they lay eggs in, and in a few hours these come to life. If it is a dead cow or horse in which they are laid, in a very little time these maggots have picked its bones.

It is much the same in a spiritual sense. God looks upon pride as stinking, filthy rags, and if the devil can find children to take one article of pride, he will soon gain the victory over them in another, and in a very short time he gets them eaten completely up, so that there are, as it were, bones but dry bones left. But while the devil is at work, God's shepherds should be at work, too. I thank God the Salvation Army is doing a great deal of maggot-killing, but still there is more yet for it to do. When God's shepherds see a lot of pride or haughtiness in their sheep—watching against it also in themselves—they should tell them of it in a kind, loving way, and explain the danger of it to them, and in many cases it will be given up. But if, after telling them in kind words, they will not give up those things which are a hindrance to God's work—as God will use dirty vessels for His work—God's shepherds must speak more firmly, because these vessels which God will not use the devil will, and will use them just where they will do the most damage to the work of God. He gets some dirty vessels of professing Christians in amongst a lot of people that are convicted of sin and on the brink of falling into the loving arms of Jesus, and then, having possession of the lost soul in their hearts, he will use it as a farrier do to a horse one day. He wanted to perform an operation on this horse, and in order to do so it had to be thrown down, so he had a rope with several nooses in it, called a holdfast, and with the assistance of three or four men putting the horse and taking off its attention, the farrier got those nooses loosely round its legs without its knowing what was going on; and when he had the rope all right, he took the loose end of it and gave the rope a pull, and down it went, and the man sat upon its head to keep it down. That is how the devil serves the maggoty sheep, or, in other words, those who are clinging to their idols of pride, or drink, or love of ease, or anything else that is wrong.

I thank God because He would not let me have any peace till I had given up all and everything to Him, and as soon as I had done so, He gave me perfect freedom, and I am happy to tell you that, notwithstanding my hard work, which is as hard as slavery, and also a considerable amount of poverty, I can say from a full heart, that Jesus is very precious to my soul, and that I am kept by His Holy Spirit from day to day.

But I must go back to my subject. As I have told you, the maggoty commenced in the middle of May, not only that, but also the vetch-fodder (or the making place) to put the food in for the winter. This takes a great deal

of my time, and is very hard work, and lasts through the hottest part of the summer; and I have to be at work from half-past five in the morning till half-past seven or eight o'clock at night as hard as I am able, scarcely allowing myself time to eat my meals.

Dear Sir, if the human shepherds were to pay as much attention to the sheep of the flock as I pay to mine, the masses would soon have plenty of work building chapels and churches and Salvation Army Halls, and the people would soon be all saved, and the devil would be ashamed to show his face.

How is it that God's shepherds are not as diligent for their Master as the natural shepherd is for his? I am afraid that the shepherds of the human flock do not consider that their Master's eye is continually watching them, whereas my master is not always watching me, for sometimes I may not see him for a week at a time; I may still my work is done just as well, and perhaps better than it would be if he were always with me. But the eye of the Lord is always watching our doings, which is why they be good or evil.

I want to speak a few words upon vetches, a kind of food sheep are very fond of. You know in the summer nothing looks much more tempting to the sheep than a field of green vetches, when it is so close to them that there is only a hurdle between them and the nice green food, though in the fold there may be plenty cut and put into the racks for them, and satisfied, however, with what is given them, but must reach their heads through between the rails of the hurdles to get at that which is forbidden; and as very often they cannot get their heads again until I go to their assistance, they are punished for their greediness, as they sometimes have to stay like this for twelve or fourteen hours.

This is just how it was with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Although God gave them plenty of good things, they were not satisfied, but must partake of what they were forbidden to touch, and so they suffered severely for their misconduct. And so it is with many Christians at the present time. After they are brought into the fold of Christ, instead of turning their backs upon the edge of the fold, and pressing towards the middle, where all the best of the Heavenly food is served out, they loiter around the edge, where the devil has got all his traps ready to catch as many of God's children as ever he can. Those traps are laid as near the fold of Christ as he dares to put them, to tempt those within to come outside, and they have all got names to them, because there are so many different vices, and are made in so many patterns that some Christians do not think they are traps belonging to the devil at all, till they get into them. But as soon as they get their foot in they know it to their sorrow. I have found it best to keep as far from the edge of the fold as I can.

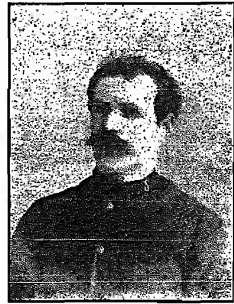
As I said, the devil's traps have all got names to them. I think I will name a few of the largest. I think the largest of them is called Pride, and the next to that is called Drink, but I think I should have put Pride first, for perhaps it is the largest trap the devil has, and he is using it to-day with great success. I have seen many that were very promising, who, through loitering round the edge of the fold, have stepped into it, and today they are as dead as a stone ever they were in their lives. It is not only Drink Pride that kills the sheep, but it is Heart Pride that does a great deal of damage. Perhaps after the meeting the devil tells some of those who speak well to think themselves above those who can only stand up and say a few words; though at the same time, perhaps, those who can only say a few words have more of the grace of God in their hearts than the others, or, at least, than some of those who stand up and give a long flowery address.

(To be continued.)

## Our Field Officers.

Captain Slater, of Ahmic Harbor.

I was born and brought up in Banffshire, on the north-east coast of Scotland. I was never wild, or what you would style wicked. I went to church and Sunday-School, learned the shorter catechism, and was brought up in the faith of the fathers. Naturally, I was inclined to be good. I remember when eight years old being out at sea with my grandfather and others. A great storm came up, and everyone was afraid of being drowned. I took to praying, asking God to save us, and we were saved.



When I came to this country, ten years ago, I was not satisfied with my self and the way I was living. So I came, at that time, across the Salvation Army, went to their meetings and was converted. I was a soldier some four years, and came into the Training Home some six years ago. While at my regiment I met a man called Perry as Lieutenant alone. I was baptised with the Holy Ghost, and have been going on ever since, fighting my way through—Capt. Slater.

## UGLY HANDS.

The roughened hands that never shirked,  
The plain brown hands that planned  
And worked,  
Are faded now in peace and rest  
Upon the wayworn, weary breast.

Over ivory keys they never slaved;  
Roughened, bare, they never made  
Four tired hands! On one of them  
Flashed never brilliant, shining gem.

They cooked, and washed, and scrubbed,  
And mended, and mended,  
Lined the children fondly tended;  
They soothed the head that ached and beat  
And gently balled the fevered feet.

They gladly toiled from morn till night,  
That they might other hands keep white,  
And tried so hard to roses spread  
Adown the path for loved ones' tread!

They were so tender, quiet, we  
Ne'er noticed how unselfishly  
They chased each cross with trust  
And prayer  
And burdens bore more than their share.

Aye, ugly, coarse, unlovely quite,  
They look to our defective sight;  
But, to their mission dutiful,  
In God's eyes they are beautiful.

## The Warm Weather Disease Coming

BARRE, VT.—The warm weather has come and the devil will be trying all kinds of schemes to draw the people's attention from the things of God to his own foolish and destructive folly, but we are determined to make things lively for him around this quarter. We are in the soul-winning business so stay, let the weather be hot or cold, and he knows it. We are having good spiritual meetings. A number of friends from the outside are visiting here, so they come in and help to roll the old chariot along. One soul in the Pentecost. Going to have another enrollment soon.—Zacharias.

CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton	101
Cadet Urquhart, Springfield	75
Leut. Smith, Yarmouth	95
Cadet Ebsary, Fredericton	99
Cadet Lebars, St. John	88
Capt. Bradbury, New Glasgow	83
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	82
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	53
Adj. Byers, New Glasgow	90
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown	59
Mrs. Ebsary, Fredericton	59
P. S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Capt. Piercy, Yarmouth	45
Sergt. Keating, Glace Bay	42
Sergt. Anderson, Somerset, Ber.	40
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton, Ber.	43
Leut. Melkie, Hillsboro	40
Capt. Knight, Woodstock	40
Mrs. Capt. Knight, Woodstock	40
Sergt. Williams, New Glasgow	40
Ensign Wright, Chatham	40
Sergt. Read, St. John	40
Capt. Horwood, Lunenburg	36
Sec. Pike, North Sydney	36
Capt. Clark, North Sydney	37
Sergt. Pettie, New Glasgow	35
Sister Lyons, Fredericton	34
Sister Pollock, Fredericton	34
Sister Dakin, North Head	32
Sergt. Matthews, New Glasgow	31
Sister Singshield, Woodstock	30
Capt. Davies, Bridgeville	30
Bro. McEachern, Glace Bay	30
Sec. Churchill, Woodstock	27
Capt. Sabine, St. Stephen	27
Sergt. Major Sawyer, Dartmouth	25
Sister England, Chatham	25
Leut. Tudge, North Head	25
Sister Lebars, Fredericton	23
Cadet (unnamed), St. John	20
Leut. Mowbray, Bridgeville	20
Sergt. Melvior, Dartmouth	20
Ensign Crockett, North Sydney	20
Sister Stacey, North Sydney	20
Sister Magrath, North Sydney	20

### NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

#### 33 Hustlers.

CADDET POTTER, Winnipeg	120
ENSGN DEAN, Calgary	108
Leut. Anderson, Fargo	89
Leut. Russell, Prince Albert	89
Leut. Forsberg, Grafton	78
Leut. Lloyd, Fort William	78
Mrs. Capt. Knudson, Winnipeg	75
Capt. Hurst, Regina	75
Leut. Clark, Lethbridge	58
Leut. McConnell, Jamestown	58
Leut. Wick, Lethbridge	58
Leut. Ashki, Virden	46
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	45
Ensign Taylor, Brandon	43
Cadet M. McLeod, Moose Jaw	43
Leut. Hagen, Edmonton	43
Frank Rogers, Regina	42
Capt. Smith, Devil's Lake	39
Capt. Pearce, Edmonton	38
Capt. Campbell, Grafton	34
Leut. Bland, Minnedosa	34
Ensign Hayes, Devil's Lake	34
Sergt. P. Chapman, Winnipeg	30
Capt. Myers, Minto	29
Cadet Cook, Fargo	27
Capt. Mercer, Lisbon	26
Mrs. W. Taylor, Selkirk	25
Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg	25
Sergt. Penfold, Winnipeg	25
Capt. Jarvis, Lethbridge	25
Capt. Cromarty, Oakes	25
Leut. N. Anderson, Oakes	20
Capt. Myers, Minto	20

### A Victorian Souvenir.

VICTORIA.—Adj. and Mrs. Barr have foretravelled from the Shelter. We are very sorry indeed to part with them. Adjutant has been a great help in the corps also. We would have liked very much indeed to have kept them here. We can only pray that God will indeed bless them wherever they go. Their little Cadet will be a souvenir of Victoria.

## IMPORTANT!

### HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?

PROPERTY DEEDS?

MORTGAGES?

INSURANCES, OR

LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—

CREDITORS, OR

MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer. Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to Major A. Simson, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.



# Salvation Songs

## Down at His Feet.

*At the Cross.*  
Tune—Every body knows (B.J. 30, 31).

1 I came, my soul, to the cross,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you.

I came, my soul, to the cross,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you.

*I am with thee.*

Tune—Every body knows (B.J. 30, 31).

2 I came, my soul, to the cross,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you.

I came, my soul, to the cross,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you.

### A Flaming Spirit.

Tune—Every body knows (B.J. 30, 31).

3 My Saviour suffered on the tree,  
To save the world from sin,  
And now he calls me to be free,  
To follow him and live again.

Chorus.  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb.

4 I know my sins are all forgiven,  
And I am saved through Jesus' Name,  
And I am saved through Jesus' Name,  
And I am saved through Jesus' Name.

*Working Time. (Sung after the Hymn.)*



*Chorus.*  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb.

*Chorus.*  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb.

*Chorus.*  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb.

*Chorus.*  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb.

*Chorus.*  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb.

*Chorus.*  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb.

*Chorus.*  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb,  
The Lamb, the Lamb, the Lamb.

*At the Cross.*  
Tune—Every body knows (B.J. 30, 31).

1 I came, my soul, to the cross,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you.

I came, my soul, to the cross,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you.

*I am with thee.*

Tune—Every body knows (B.J. 30, 31).

2 I came, my soul, to the cross,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you.

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To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you,  
To see the Son of God  
Who died for me and for you.

### A Sole for Sunday Night Meeting.

Tune—Are you ready?

3 Should the death-angel knock at  
thy chamber  
In the still watch of the night,  
Say, will thy spirit pass into torment  
Or to the land of delight?

Chorus.  
Say, are you ready, say, are you ready,  
If the death-angel should call?  
Say, are you ready, oh, are you ready?  
Mercy stands waiting for all.

Many sad spirits now are departing  
Into the world of despair;  
Every brief moment brings you down  
Nearer, sinner, sinner, beware!

Many redeemed ones now are ascending  
Into the mansions of light;  
Jesus is pleading, tenderly pleading,  
Oh, let Him save you to-night.

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